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LONDON'S WELCOME TO KING ALFONSO YESTERDAY.



In spite of dull weather huge crowds gathered along the route adopted by the royal procession to the Guildhall yesterday, and greeted the young Spanish monarch with enthusiasm. The large photograph was taken as the carriage containing King Alfonso and the Prince of Wales reached Oxford Circus, and a smaller one shows it with the attendant escort passing down Holborn. We also reproduce a snapshot of a bit of the crowd in Oxford-street. The portraits are of the Mayor of Westminster, Major-General Lord Chylesmore, who presented an address to the King at Oxford-circus (on the left), and the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman John Pound, who received his Majesty at the Guildhall (on the right).—(London Stereoscopic).

NORWAY WANTS KING OF HER OWN.

Dissolves the Union with
Sweden and Dethrones
King Oscar.

BOY MONARCH.

Prince William Invited To Fill the
Norwegian Throne.

Norway and Sweden became distinct monarchies yesterday by a unanimous resolution of the Norwegian Storting, which deposed King Oscar from his position as the crowned head of Norway.

The union of the two nations was formally dissolved, and no time was lost in sending an invitation to Prince William of the reigning House of Sweden to be Norway's own particular King.

It is an unlucky coincidence that within a week of the wedding of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus Adolphus, the future heir to the throne of Norway and Sweden, a coup d'état should have deprived him of half his prospective kingdom.

It is a very drastic and dramatic occurrence for a reigning monarch to be dethroned by his subjects. Only in this particular instance could the event happen so easily as it has done.

The union of the two nations has been quite voluntary. The only thing they have had in common since has been their King.

Each country has retained its own Constitution, unaltered except in such small details as were necessary for the union. Law, Churches, armies, navies, even rates of duty and Customs have been separate and different.

The present quarrel is between the two countries, and Norway has no ill-feeling against King Oscar, as the Storting specially declared in their address.

The difficulties which have led up to the present rupture are almost as old as the union. Norway has felt all along that she has been rather pushed into the background over foreign affairs. Several protests were made, and though amicable discussions took place, the matter was always shelved.

Eventually the question of separate consulates for the two countries arose. Though Norway's internal Government is the most democratic in the world, and laws can be passed without the King's sanction, foreign affairs are in his hands, and not subject to parliamentary control.

THE NEW BOY KING.

King Oscar vetoed the suggested separate consulates, and the Norwegian Government resigned in protest. This resignation was not accepted, and now the Storting has passed to the extreme of deposing the King, dissolving the union, and inviting Prince Gustavus Adolphus's brother William to accept the Crown of Norway. They could not choose Prince Gustavus Adolphus as he is the heir to the Swedish Throne.

Prince William, the son of the Crown Prince, who has been chosen to rule Norway, will be twenty-one years of age two days after his brother's wedding next Thursday. Should he accept the crown, two brothers will ultimately rule two totally dissimilar peoples, for the Norwegian and the Swede are as different in character as the German and the Frenchman.

MOSCOW'S PROTEST.

Zemstvo Congress Overrides the Orders of
General Trepoft.

The meeting of the Zemstvo Congress at Moscow bids fair to be a very serious situation. The members assembled in spite of a prohibition by General Trepoft, and are stated by an Exchange message from St. Petersburg to have passed a resolution not to separate until a representative Constitution is declared.

The resignation of General Kozloff, the Governor-General of Moscow, is announced, as a prelude to the appointment of a nominee of General Trepoft.

BROTHERS AS RIVAL CANDIDATES.

A remarkable spectacle may be witnessed at the forthcoming election to fill the vacancy at Carlisle caused by the retirement of Mr. Speaker Gully. The Liberal Unionists are seeking to secure as their champion Mr. Selby Chance, whose younger brother is the probable Liberal candidate.

GONNE CASE POSTPONED.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The Maud Gonne case came up in the First Civil Court to-day, but neither party was present, and at the request of counsel the case was postponed for a fortnight.

KING ALFONSO LOSES NO TIME.

From Early Morning Till Late at Night He Tirelessly
Enjoys Himself.

Alfonso XIII. of Spain, our nineteen-year-old royal visitor, is enjoying himself like a true son of the gay and sunny South in spite of the lowering skies and chilly winds of England.

With wonderful "verve" and zest he is throwing himself into the joys of London. Restless and tireless he hurries from function to function and place to place. Despite the crowded character of the official programme this nineteen-year-old monarch with boyish enthusiasm attempts the round of the ordinary visitor.

Early yesterday he surprised South Kensington by dashing up to the Natural History Museum a quarter of an hour before opening time on a royal motor-car.

After an hour with Professor Ray Lankester and the Diplodocus he was the victim of a motor mishap whilst shopping in Bond-street.

Escaping the perils of blazing petrol he reached Buckingham Palace barely in time to don his British uniform and drive amid the plaudits of scores of thousands to the Guildhall.

In the heart of the City he pursued his rapid course with the same unflagging energy. He had a word for one and a smile for another; then ate a great City luncheon with the appetite of youth, and talked with smiling courtesy to the City Fathers and their distinguished guests.

After this others would have rested in preparation for the great functions of the evening, but the youthful enthusiast, like any British schoolboy up for a short "vac," slipped out of the Palace gates on yet another motor-car to pay a round of courtesy visits.

Last night he dined with men at Lansdowne House and danced with fair women at Lady Londonderry's.

Was there ever such a boy? Was there ever such a monarch? Long will England remember the joyous enthusiasm of our right royal and youthful visitor.

HIS CAR ABLAZE.

Taking a tour of Bond-street's famous shops in the hour before noon, his Majesty experienced a trouble which has befallen other hasty motorists.

His handsome covered motor-car had just turned from Grafton-street into Albemarle-street, when it caught fire.

It was instantly stopped, and King Alfonso and three members of his suite quickly jumped out.

His Majesty exclaimed, "How shall I get back to the Palace?"

There was a hurried consultation with a police-sergeant, and the King then walked down Albemarle-street with his companions and the sergeant.

Close to the Royal Institution a motor-car in which detectives had been following the King all the morning was placed at His Majesty's disposal.

TO THE GUILDHALL.

Brilliant uniforms and huge masses of rhododendrons in full bloom redeemed the dulness of the skies when King Alfonso left Buckingham Palace on his way to the Guildhall at 12.10. His state coach drawn by six horses carried the young monarch rapidly through the dense masses of spectators along the Mall. The Prince of Wales sat on his left, with the Duke of Portland opposite. From the window over the gateway King Edward watched his youthful rival in the affections of the people of London start on his triumphal progress to the City.

Every point of vantage was taken up, windows were filled with welcoming faces, chairs were placed outside the shops in lieu of stands, and in Cambridge-circus three men viewed the procession from a large iron bucket suspended from a derrick.

The route traversed was the fine and beautifully-decorated thoroughfares of Oxford-street, Holborn, Newgate-street, and Chancery, a narrow and steep Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill being wisely abandoned, the usual route of royal processions. Addresses were presented by the boroughs through which the King passed at Oxford-circus.

PRETTY INCIDENT.

Royal personages, distinguished representatives of Church, State, Arts, Law, and Commerce, stood outside the historic Guildhall when the young King, smiling as ever, stepped from his carriage. Pretty and graceful was the incident which marked this moment of the day.

Seeing the Duchess of Connaught and a row of princesses standing to his right he promptly saluted

them all gallantly, bowing and kissing every royal lady's hand.

For a moment the gallant young King chatted with the Duchess, and then stepped to the spot where the Princess Patricia, whose charms are said to have made a deep impression upon him, was standing.

To the royal lady he said a few words in an undertone. Whatever it might be, the Princess smiled and nodded as she replied.

Then his Grace of Canterbury led the Princess into the library, and two and two the royal party followed, the King, smiling and animated, talking to the Lady Mayores, to whom he gave his arm.

"DOMINE DIRIGE NOS."

Before lunch was served the brilliant assembly, which included the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, and the centenary singer, Senor Manuel Garcia, listened while the Recorder of the City, in courtly tones, read an address of congratulation, which was afterwards presented in a magnificent golden casket to the King.

Though he listened attentively, his Majesty's quick eye roved over the beautiful hall, so variegated in colour, taking in every detail of the magnificent scene.

His Majesty found civic hospitality to his liking. The menu began with famous city turtle, followed by nine substantial courses.

Once more his Majesty's face was wreathed in right pleasant smiles as he rose to reply to the toast of his health, proposed by the Lord Mayor.

Bowing first, he read clearly, but with some hesitancy, his expression of the gratitude of himself and his august mother and his people for the welcome he had received. Hopes of a "peaceful, perfect, and everlasting understanding, fraught with political and commercial advantages," were most charmingly expressed.

"With the same reverent confidence which moved your illustrious forebears to adopt in the most of this proud city, its reliance on the Almighty, I may well associate myself devoutly to this invocation, and exclaim with you, 'Domine dirige nos.'"

DINNER AND BALL.

A brilliant assemblage dined with his Majesty at Lord Lansdowne's magnificent house in Berkeley-square.

The utmost capacity of the dining-hall is forty-two, but sixty-six guests were expected, so the banquet was held in the beautiful Sculpture Gallery, where in the midst of masterpieces of ancient and modern statuary a long table was spread.

The floral decorations were bewilderingly splendid, the scheme being carried out in red and yellow. The table itself was lighted by wax candles, which served to soften the effect of the 200 odd electric lights round the walls of the gallery.

Among the guests were Lord Roberts, Mr. Balfour (who sat at his Majesty's right hand), Mr. Chamberlain, members of his Majesty's suite, representatives of the Embassies in London, and many members of the House of Peers. The Marquis of Lansdowne himself sat at his Majesty's left hand.

After the dinner his Majesty, accompanied by most of the guests, went on to Lord Londonderry's mansion in Park-lane, where a ball was given in his honour.

Here again the national Spanish colours struck the chief note in the decorations. Red and yellow roses adorned the "Long Gallery," in which the dancing took place, in lavish profusion. The drawing-room was decorated in pink and white.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present, and "all London" was either dancing or looking on.

The music, which was rendered by Herr Gottlieb's Viennese orchestra, conducted by himself, was subject to no fixed programme, but consisted chiefly of waltzes interspersed with quadrilles.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

To-day King Alfonso, accompanied by their Majesties the King and Queen, will witness a review held in his honour at Aldershot.

The royal party will leave Buckingham Palace about 1.40 p.m., travelling from Waterloo by a special train, which leaves at 2.10. The review commences at half-past three.

In the evening there will be a special performance at the Opera, where the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family will meet King Alfonso at nine o'clock.

QUEEN OF SPRING.

Kaiser's Gracious Greeting to His Son's
Gentle Bride.

A charming speech was made by the Kaiser on the occasion of the banquet in honour of the wedding of the Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilie.

Here are some characteristic passages:—
"My dear daughter Cecilie,—I bid you heartily welcome in the name of my whole house.

"You have come among us like the Queen of Spring, amid roses and garlands and the unexampled rejoicing of the people.

"You, my daughter, shall be cherished and cared for. I wish you both with all my heart God's richest blessing. May your household be founded on God and the Saviour.

"May your household be an example for the younger generation according with the confession of faith of William the Great: 'My strength belongs to the world and the fatherland.'"

FISCAL FENCING.

Bewildered Opposition Still Searching for
Mr. Balfour's Policy.

The long-expected Bill dealing with the difficulty in regard to the Churches in Scotland arising out of the judgment of the House of Lords was introduced yesterday by the Lord Advocate, who explained its provisions.

Chief among these is the appointment of a Commission, with power to deal with the property which belonged to the United Free Church at the date of the union in 1900. This Commission will, among other things, allocate the property between the United Free Church and the Free Church as seems fair and equitable, subject to the provisions of the statute.

The Bill was read a first time.
Another dreary debate followed on the fiscal question. Sir Henry "C.B.," on the motion for adjournment over Whitinside, accused the Prime Minister of "vacillation" in fiscal affairs. The House ought to know, he said, what tariff reform meant.

Mr. Balfour said he had no notion what had been passing in Sir Henry's mind. He had not recanted any statement he had made, and did not mean to. He was not to be judged by Mr. Chamberlain's versions of his speeches; he must be judged solely by his own acts and words.

Lord Hugh Cecil caused some excitement by declaring that he meant to stay in the Conservative party until not one brick of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal structure remained.

Mr. Chamberlain reiterated his assertion that there was no substantial difference between his views and those of the Prime Minister.

U.S. WELCOME TO SIR E. ELGAR.

Famous Composer May Vary Private Visit
with One Public Appearance.

Sir Edward Elgar leaves England to-morrow for a flying trip to the United States.

The distinguished composer has hitherto refused one or two tempting offers to visit America.

He has now accepted an invitation to visit some friends in New York, and the visit is understood to be a private one.

It is probable, however, that Sir Edward will conduct one of his works whilst over there, and America, being enthusiastic over his music, is anxious to give him a great welcome.

The most interesting circumstance to music-lovers is that Elgar will probably record his impressions of America in a new composition, for visits to fresh lands have always hitherto stimulated him to do so. The composer will return at the end of July.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Though happily not dead, as was reported yesterday, Colonel Webb, M.P., is still dangerously ill.

The council of the Society of Arts have awarded the Albert Medal of the society for the present year to Lord Rayleigh.

A telegram from Clermont-Ferrand (France) states that severe earthquake shocks have been experienced in the district of Ennezat.

King Victor Emmanuel has set aside the sum of £12,000 per annum to assist the upkeep of the projected International Agricultural Institute.

The suicide of a Parisian banker, named Enggley, who was a prominent "bear" of Japanese securities, caused great excitement on the French Bourse yesterday.

Staff-Conductor King, of the Army Ordnance Corps, who was arrested in April on a charge of harbouring an alleged Russian spy, has been tried at Singapore and acquitted.

Mr. Brodric has informed Mr. Buchanan that he is not in a position to lay upon the table papers containing the full proposals of Lord Kitchener regarding Army reorganisation in India.

WEARY AND BOOTLESS MARCH.

Leicester Men Limp Dejectedly
Into Shelter at Luton.

MYSTERIOUS PATRON.

Led by the "Little Chaplain," in sou'wester and overalls, the Leicester army of the unemployed marched into Luton a few minutes before six o'clock last night.

A dismal, drizzling rain fell nearly all day, and the nineteen miles which separate Bedford and Luton made a very long and dreary walk.

There were several small casualties yesterday, mostly due to the poor condition of the men's boots. The soaking rain had penetrated through and through, and soles literally fell off.

Seventy pairs of boots were distributed in Bedford, but even with the previous gifts there are still a hundred men marching with feet almost on the ground.

Of the 400 men at least one-third are ex-soldiers who went through the South African war. They know something of marching, and consequently can easily outpace their fellows. They do a steady four miles an hour, and the rest cannot manage this.

After the first halt five or six miles out of Bedford, the army broke its formation somewhat. Some with blistered feet struggled behind, others forged ahead; the main body of some 300 plodded wearily on.

A Good Samaritan.

At an inn by the way the landlord stood at the door. Suddenly he espied a man with the soles of his boots worn through.

"Here, lad, we're about a match in feet," he shouted; "take off those boots and put on these." There and then he sat down on the step and took off a pair of new boots and gave them to the limping walker.

Finally, wet and tired, the marchers reached busy Luton. The Plait Hall was lent them, fires had been lit, and great bundles of straw brought. Then there was a good tea of corned beef and hot, steaming tea or coffee.

The mysterious horseman joined the army at Luton after a visit to London on behalf of the cause. Already he has given, it is said, close on £100 to the men, and will give more if it is required.

He is a young Army officer dwelling in the neighbourhood whose sympathies are with the unemployed. His name is a strict secret, and only the leaders are aware of it.

It is arranged that the army shall enter London from Barnet to-morrow afternoon and sleep under straw at St. Pancras, either at the baths or wherever a suitable hall can be found. The Church Army is willing, it appears, to let them use the Labour Tents in Aldwych.

On Saturday they will march to Buckingham Palace and demonstrate in Trafalgar-square. On Sunday they will go to Westminster Abbey in the morning and meet in Hyde Park in the afternoon, returning to Leicester on Monday morning.

TRADE EXPANDING.

Returns for May Betoken Remarkable Growth
of National Prosperity.

Official figures issued yesterday show that the British imports for the past five months reach the enormous total of £229,595,284, an increase of nearly a million over those of the same period in 1904, and of more than ten millions over the first five months of 1905.

The exports for the same period total £169,375,953, showing an increase of nearly twelve millions over 1904.

During the month of May our imports show an increase of £2,000,000 and our exports of £4,000,000 over May, 1904.

Cotton is the chief factor in these satisfactory figures, showing during the month of May an increase of over one million, whilst iron and steel £241,931 and miscellaneous £441,834, help to swell the total.

A LOVING LAST REQUEST.

Mr. Sam Shubert, who began life as a newsboy, and became one of the richest theatrical managers in the world (building among others the Waldorf Theatre, London), left in his will a direction to his brother to "take good care of mother and our sisters."

GOODS "ON APPROVAL."

By advertising for goods, for which it is alleged that he would not pay, Arthur Fenton, a Bayswater accountant, has been in the habit of increasing his worldly gear. Yesterday he was committed for trial at Highgate for obtaining "on approval" a pipe from the widow of the well-known barrister named Gerald Geoghegan.

BIBLE OUT OF DATE.

Famous Scientist Asks for Fresh Statement of Christian Doctrine.

A bold and striking statement was made by Professor Sylvanus Thompson, the distinguished Professor of Physics, at the annual meeting at the Victoria Institute of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, yesterday.

In delivering the annual address, the distinguished scientist declared that the pressing need of the present age was a restatement of Christian truth.

If the Eternal Truth does not change, urged the speaker, man's comprehension of it certainly does. Words have changed their meaning, and statements once true have now ceased to be entirely so.

Consequently the men of the twentieth century cannot be addressed in the terms of the sixteenth century, or of the sixth. The speaker went on to say that the suspension of judgment with regard to Christian principles was often more of a duty than the acceptance of any particular doctrine.

Dr. Walter Kidd, in thanking Professor Thompson for his address, declared with regard to Christian doctrines and belief that twenty or thirty years ago men thought they knew much more about them than they did to-day, but religion and science had been discovered to be progressive, and men's minds were prepared to learn more and more about them.

SPEAKER'S LAST DAY.

Glowing Tributes to Mr. Gully from All
Sides of the House.

Mr. Speaker Gully's tenure of the Speakership of the House of Commons ceased yesterday, and a crowded House assembled to listen to the graceful and eloquent tributes that were paid to his distinguished services in the chair.

The Prime Minister, the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John Redmond, Sir Alfred Thomas, and Mr. Richard Bell delivered feeling speeches in support of a resolution of thanks, to which the Speaker listened with face flushed with excitement.

Mr. Gully was much moved in acknowledging the enthusiastic adoption of the resolution, and the House then unanimously agreed to the motion asking the King to confer on Speaker Gully some signal mark of his royal favour—i.e., a pension of £4,000 and a peerage.

JUNE OR JANUARY?

Bleak and Drizzling Weather Throughout the
South of England.

"January back again!" was the universal comment in London on yesterday's cold and occasional drizzle.

During the night and early morning the great rain had continued, making altogether an average of 1½ inches in the London gauge.

There was gratification in the thought that the rain area was slowly extending northwards, but at present the South of England remains the portion most favoured by the much-needed rain.

A peculiarity of the fall has been its greater volume on the South Coast than inland. At many places more than two inches have fallen.

The centre of "depression" that caused the rain appears to have passed along the English Channel.

QUARREL IN THE HOME.

Old Man Defends Himself Against His Wife
with a Cane.

During a quarrel with his wife, in their house at Gower-place, Tottenham Court-road, an old man, named John Henry Janaway, hit her with a cane, in the act, as he told the police, of trying to strike out of her hand a brass rod with which she was threatening him.

At Bow-street yesterday Janaway was charged with the wilful murder of his wife, but it was stated by Detective-inspector Kane that Mrs. Janaway was believed to have died from pneumonia.

He had left the house after the quarrel, and was not seen again till she died.

The accused, who appeared to take very little interest in the police-court proceedings, was remanded until after the inquest.

LEGACY FOR INSURANCE COMPANY.

An unusual incident in the experience of insurance companies was reported at yesterday's annual meeting at Norwich of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Office.

Someone, announced the secretary, had thought fit to leave the society a legacy of £500, and such an occurrence had never been recorded before. The mysterious part of the affair was that the donor was not even a policy-holder.

IGNORANT PARENTS.

Sir Lauder Brunton on Our Physical
Deterioration.

AWFUL CHILD MORTALITY.

"The ignorance of parents," said Sir Lauder Brunton, at Church House, Westminster, yesterday, "is the cause of the physical deterioration of the race."

The speaker said that there could be no questioning the fact of physical inadequacy, although a Royal Commission had stated, as the result of its deliberations, that there was no data for saying there were any signs of physical degeneration.

We could only hope to influence grown men and women to a comparatively slight extent as far as their own physical capital was concerned; but their children had a right to expect from the State, since the State had undertaken it, an education that would equip them for the battle of life.

We must impress upon parents that the health of their children was in their keeping; but though parents must be mainly responsible for the health of their children, school teachers must realise that in training the brain, the child's body must not be overlooked, and opportunities must be given for physical recreation and training.

The National League for Physical Education and Improvement had been formed to grapple with the question. The League wished to obtain for the people, knowledge, fresh milk, and sunshine; fresh air for the children, shorter hours of work; playgrounds and playrooms for them; instructors, physical exercises, cheap meals for school-children, cooking lessons for girls and mothers.

Children were dying in thousands throughout the country, not on account of the carelessness of the mothers, but on account of their ignorance.

GOLF BALL RECOLLECTIONS.

How a Kitchen Experiment Came to an
Abrupt and Painful End.

The consideration of the question whether Messrs. Hutchinson and Morris have infringed the famous Haskell golf ball patent was resumed in the Chancery Division yesterday.

John Stanley stated that when a boy at Birmingham, many years ago, he played with a cored ball, in which indiarubber threads were used similar to those of the Haskell article.

"I particularly remember," he added, reminiscently, "one occasion, when I was making a ball in the house of another boy named Welding. I was putting the outside covering of gutta-percha on with a hot flat-iron, when Welding's mother beat us out of the house because the manufacturing process made such a smell."

LOST MEMORY.

Married Woman's Mysterious Pilgrimage of
Thousands of Miles.

A curious story of loss of memory comes from Australia.

A young married woman travelling from Dunedin, in New Zealand, to join her husband in Sydney, forsook her boat at Hobart, in the south of Tasmania.

She travelled by train to Launceston, in the north of the island, and thence travelled by boat to Melbourne. From Melbourne she went by rail to Sydney, but instead of joining her husband took lodgings at a suburban boarding-house.

From this time she appears to have been wandering aimlessly about Sydney. Twice her curious behaviour caused her arrest for drunkenness, and she was fined and released.

Her husband, who was nearly distracted at her non-appearance, finally traced her owing to a letter she wrote to her relatives in New Zealand.

WANTED TO GO HOME.

Winnie Battersby, a young married woman, while staggering across the Maygrove-road, Brondesbury, yesterday, suddenly fell down in front of a steam roller. Fortunately the driver saw her and pulled up. On being placed in a cell at West Hampstead Police Station she attempted to strangle herself with a handkerchief, but was discovered in time by a policeman on duty. She explained that she "wanted to go home."

L.C.C.'S "LOBSTER" WATERMEN.

Four-and-twenty watermen, all dressed in old-fashioned uniforms of glowing scarlet, will await the Prince of Wales on Greenwich Pier when he opens the new London County Council's steamboat service on Saturday week.

This is a revival of an old fashion of greeting royal princes at Greenwich.

PIGMIES' RECEPTION.

Mangongo Opens His Mouth, but
Ladies Hold Aloof.

The South African pigmies held a reception to anthropologists yesterday at their quarters near the Hippodrome. Among those who attended were Sir Harry Johnston, a great authority on African subjects, Lady Johnston, and Lady Stanley, widow of the famous explorer.

The guests were received quite graciously, until the curiosity of the scientists became rather irksome.

The two lady pigmies modestly and flatly refused to be measured, and the attempt had to be abandoned.

Mangongo, the tom-tom instrumentalist, was respectfully requested to open his mouth for throat examination. With some show of reluctance he consented, being unable to resist a proffered banana.

His gape was an alarming revelation. Fully expanded, his capacious mouth seemed large enough to crunch an average-sized apple at one bite.

But Mangongo could not be coaxed to open his throat as well. It was not so much obstinacy of the pigmy's part as incapacity.

The cord which connects the tongue with the under-jaw being scarcely formed, the tongue of the pigmy is tied down—a physical peculiarity which at once makes the throat hard to open, and accounts for the guttural speech.

Several measurements of their heads and bodies were taken, but none will be made public until the conference of scientists upon pigmies at the Hotel Cecil.

SHOOTING MOTOR-CARS.

Armed Brigand Lies In Wait for Scorching
Chauffeurs.

Motorists among the leafy lanes of Hoylelake are warned against a brigand, who lurks behind the hedges, with a loaded six-chambered revolver, in readiness to pounce at scorches.

He once was injured by a motor-car and has been heard to threaten several drivers of motor-cars who have come into his presence too suddenly.

He objects to the "toot-toot," and is said to be a deadly marksman at the back tyre of a car.

While Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood was walking along a country road, he stepped suddenly into the roadway, getting in front of a cyclist, and was knocked over. Some nasty bruises resulted, but luckily no bones were broken.

FUNERAL DISPLAY.

Exhibition of Solemn Furniture Opened in
London Yesterday.

The Convention of Undertakers opened their first exhibition at the Northampton Institute yesterday.

The exhibition contains many examples of skilled workmanship, simplicity and dignity being the keynote.

The association was formed some twelve months ago with the object of protecting the public from unqualified persons, who have in the past brought the profession into disrepute.

A benevolent fund has been started for employees. While the exhibition lasts papers will be read each day.

WALKING ON THE WAVES.

Shoe with Patent Fins Permits New Method
of Progression.

Shoes for walking on the water have been invented by Lieutenant Sadler, of the United States volunteer life-saving crew.

The shoes are built in the shape of boats, and are provided with fins, which open and shut with the movements of the wearer.

When the foot goes forward the fins close and allow the shoe to slip through the water. When the other foot is advanced, the fins on the first shoe open and catch the water, thus thrusting the wearer forward.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

Continental Travellers should not
forget to ask for the Continental

"Daily Mail" everywhere.

"LOVE-LETTERS" WITHOUT LOVE.

Sussex Squire's Third Breach of Promise Action.

£500 DAMAGES.

A case probably without parallel was heard in the London Sheriff's Court yesterday, when damages amounting to £500 for breach of promise of marriage were awarded against Mr. Alfred John Paine Kemp, a gentleman of independent means, living at 10, Courthouse-villas, Wimbledon.

It was frankly admitted by Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., that on two previous occasions Mr. Kemp had paid damages under similar circumstances.

On behalf of the plaintiff, Miss Florence Cunningham, a smartly-dressed and attractive lady clerk, of Whellock-road, Bedford Park, whose father was for twenty-two years superintendent of Kensington Infirmary, an unusual story of courtship was unfolded. **Squire of Patcham.**

Soon after the parties were introduced at the house of a mutual friend they became engaged. Mr. Kemp told his fiancée he was worth £1,000, and took her to his land at Patcham (Sussex), at which place he was known as the squire.

Learned counsel had no perfunctory love-letters to produce. The communications his client received, however, if not of the usual affectionate character, gave a clear indication of Mr. Kemp's matrimonial intentions.

One of these letters ran as follows:—

Just a line to say I am sorry I was so dummy. I had a bad attack of the pip. I don't often have it, but when I do it's really bad. I have just had some soup and partridge and feel much better.

In January Mr. Kemp was evidently again "dummy," for he broke off the engagement, but, as the result of negotiations, offered to pay £750. This arrangement, however, was not carried through.

Theatre Girl and Barmaid.

Miss Cunningham, in answer to Mr. Gill, admitted her fiancée was quite frank about the objects of his two previous attachments—one was an attendant at a theatre and the other was a barmaid. She was not aware that he suffered from epilepsy or was a dipsomaniac.

Mr. Gill urged that the affair was not one of affection. "His letters," he added, "were not what you would call love letters."

"Mr. Kemp," interposed Miss Cunningham amid much merriment, "did not believe in putting things on paper."

My client, averred Mr. Gill, was inveigled into this engagement. Counsel pleaded that, because of illness, Mr. Kemp was easily led away, and Miss Cunningham's motive was not one of love but of money. It was money all the way through.

The jury arrived at their decision, £500 damages, after a brief retirement.

HAUNTED SHOP.

Ghostly Noises and Visitors to Which a Bristol Family Have Grown Accustomed.

Bristol boasts a haunted shop, which is kept by a well-known watchmaker in Regent-street.

It is haunted in three ways: by noises, weights, and apparitions.

Sometimes the noises resemble the scampering of a host of cats, while the rushing noise of a motor-car is not uncommon.

The children complain that people walk on them while they are in bed, and frequently the parents are alarmed by a soft thud as of a child falling out of bed. When this happens, investigation always reveals that no such thing has occurred.

The worst form of the visitation, however, is the apparition of a large man of forbidding appearance. Fortunately, the occupants of the house have not got used to these phenomena, and would be rather disappointed if they failed to materialise now and again.

REFORMATORY AFTER ESCAPE.

For three years Edith Mary Bennett, the pretty Crewe servant girl whose escape caused some interest a few weeks ago, will spend a retired life in the Liverpool Reformatory benefit of her liberty and her golden curls.

This treatment was meted out yesterday by the Crewe magistrates to the girl, who with the proceeds of a robbery from her mistress came to London, had luxurious dinners and visited theatres.

JET BLACK ROSE AT LAST.

A raven-black rose has been developed in America by a peddler named Dennis Tapley. He has named it the "Mourning," and says it is bound to bring him wealth.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Chance Remark About a Birthday Present Leads to Divorce.

It was while proposing to buy his wife a birthday present that Lieutenant-Colonel Walter F. Courtney Plowden, of the Indian Army, had his suspicions aroused regarding her conduct.

One of the children remarked that Mrs. Plowden had received a gold cigarette-case from Captain Keogh, an acquaintance of the Colonel.

Saying nothing at the time, he felt constrained in February last to ask his wife point-blank if she had miscondacted herself. She did not then reply.

"I asked her a week later," said the Lieutenant-colonel, giving evidence in the Divorce Court yesterday, "and gave her another chance of denying the accusations."

But ultimately Mrs. Plowden wrote:—

I have lived with Arthur Keogh as his wife at Eastbourne and elsewhere. — M. A. PLOWDEN.

When asked whether the captain would marry her, Mrs. Plowden replied that he always promised he would, but she added: "I don't want to marry him, as he has no money and is a consumption."

A decree nisi was granted, the father receiving the custody of the children.

"NUMBER ONE, LONDON."

Hilarious Russian Tailor Who Travelled Without a Ticket.

A Russian tailor, Morris Markevitz, amused the mayor and officials at Kingston Police Court yesterday.

He was charged with travelling from London to Kingston without a ticket, having only three half-pence in his pocket. The excuse he offered was that he wanted a drink, and he added that he enjoyed the ride.

He gave as his address Number One, London, which the mayor remarked was rather vague. When told that he had not got his drink, the Russian tailor burst into a loud guffaw of laughter.

The clerk gravely observed that this was not a joking matter, but the tailor could not stop grinning, and said he wanted a season ticket.

His gratuitous ride cost him a 10s. fine, with the option of a week's gratuitous lodging in goal.

While waiting at the back of the court to be removed in custody, the funny tailor kept his hand over his mouth to muffle his mirth.

WHITSUN QUERIES.

Where to Go, How to Get There, and Where to Stay When There.

The reader in a difficulty about his Whitsun holidays can make things easy, if he only knew it, by the simple expenditure of threepence. There is no need now to worry about the sort of place you are going to, and where you can stay when you get there, with the inevitable search for rooms or apartments, and its accompanying discomforts.

At the information that a holiday-seeker needs has been collected, arranged, and tabulated in the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide. It tells where to go, how to get there, where to stay, in a clear and simple way. It is essentially the book for the holiday-seeker, because it was purposely planned for his benefit, and the information in it is just what he needs. It gives the essential holiday features of each place, the climate, whether sands, rocks, or river, golf, fishing, road notes for cyclist and motorist, bathing, etc., etc. Not only these, but it gives a list of the best apartments and hotels, local cab fares, a good, clear map, and some attractive illustrations.

SWISS JOHN SMITH.

"Count" Who Represented a Spanish General and a German Professor.

Despite the fact that his name was John Smith, it was stated that the teacher of languages, who was committed for trial by the West London magistrates yesterday for obtaining board and lodging by false pretences, was a Swiss subject.

It is stated that at two Notting-hill lodging-houses he secured rooms on the representation that he was taking them for a Spanish general and his family. At another house he took rooms for a German "professor," but in this instance suspicions were aroused and the police called in.

"I am a count," he said to Detective-sergeant Allen, "and I am due at the Swiss Legation. You will get into trouble if you detain me, as I am in the service of the Russian Secret Service."

TEN MINUTES' MEETINGS.

For rapid dispatch of business the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons is hard to excel.

At yesterday's annual meeting a member stated that it was a disgrace to the profession that the transaction of business should seldom take more than ten minutes.

DOG-SHOW 'DUMMIES.'

Ladies' Kennel Club Exhibitions Which Failed to Attract.

LADIES' 'COURT-MARTIAL.'

Are Mr. and Mrs. Dealty in the right? Or are Lady Aberdeen, Lady Gooch, Lady Agnes Isabel Reid, Lady Evelyn Ewart, and their fellow-members of the guarantee committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association in the right?

These questions have aroused even more excitement among the dog-owning community in the West End than a controversy about the points of a Pomeranian.

The matter is before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury, and the whole of yesterday was devoted to an elucidation which is expected to last many days.

In the autumn of 1902 the Ladies' Kennel Association, or, to give it the name by which its members call it, the L.K.A., wanted to hold two dog shows at the Aquarium.

It has been stated in court that the necessity of raising money to pay for prizes awarded at previous shows was responsible for the desire to hold the shows.

But an obstacle presented itself in the shape of the refusal of the Kennel Club, the governing body in doggy matters, to issue permits to the L.K.A. for the shows to be held.

"Dummy" Promoters.

This difficulty was got over, so it is stated on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Dealty, who live at Tintagel, in Cornwall, by the lending of their names by this lady and gentleman as promoters of the two Aquarium shows.

According to Mr. Drake, their counsel, they were "dummy" promoters, and the L.K.A. was really responsible.

But as promoters, they say, they found themselves called upon to pay the prizes, and at the same time were not allowed to receive the entrance fees which would have enabled them to do so.

The result of County Court actions by prize-winners was that Mr. Dealty was made bankrupt. He and his wife are now demanding a sum of £1,080, representing the entrance fees. For this sum they say the guarantee committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association became liable.

Endeavouring to show that many of the lady defendants not only knew that the L.K.A. was in financial straits, but also were privy to the Aquarium effort to retrieve the financial position, Mr. Drake read several letters, of which the following, from one of the committee, was the most interesting:—

Dear Mrs. Stannard Robinson,—My husband has been so kind as to let me have this cheque for £500. He says the L.K.A. are stony broke. . . . I am glad my husband has been so kind as to prevent a scandal, and our being shown up by the Kennel Club.

Mr. Jacquet, secretary of the Kennel Club, told the Court how there was a rule that prize-money must be paid within three months, and how several of the L.K.A. Committee were invited to attend a C.C. committee meeting to explain why this had not been done in the case of the Coronation Show held at the Botanic Gardens.

Mr. Justice Darling: They were to be court-martialed. (Loud laughter.)

LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Amusing Revelations in the Picture Postcard Divorce Case.

The wife of George Wood, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Workshop, denied, in the Divorce Court yesterday, that her association with Mr. Arthur Edward Chamberlain, grocer, of Workshop, was such as would entitle her husband to the divorce he claimed.

"He (Mr. Chamberlain)," she admitted, "kissed me once as I was passing him in the smoke-room to go to the bar. I was very indignant."

She had received from him several picture postcards, one inscribed "Alas! What differs more than man from man?"

Counsel: The picture is of a tall man looking contemptuously at an angry little man?

Mrs. Wood: My husband is short, but Mr. Chamberlain is not particularly tall.

The case was again adjourned.

PEER'S SON DISCHARGED.

The South-Western police magistrate yesterday ordered the discharge of the Hon. Charles Joseph William Blake, who surrendered to his bail on a charge of using violent threats towards his wife, Eleanor Blake, who kept a tobacconist's shop at Putney.

The solicitor informed the Court that Mr. Blake had agreed to live apart from his wife under a deed of separation, which arrangement the magistrate considered to be a satisfactory termination to the case.

EX-M.P. CHARGED.

Mr. Lockie Accused of Frauds Involving Nearly £90,000.

Considerable surprise was caused at Newcastle yesterday by the appearance at the police court of Mr. John Lockie, late Unionist M.P. for Devonport, to answer charges of fraud.

The bulk of the mercantile community of the Tyneside capital were quite in ignorance that any such proceedings had been instituted.

Mr. Lockie was charged on the information of the Newcastle Deputy Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, that he, being a managing director of the Venus, Ceres, and Jupiter Steam Shipping Companies, fraudulently took and applied to his own uses sums belonging to the companies amounting to £89,551.

The case was opened by Mr. J. E. Joel, on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, and he averred that Mr. Lockie's total indebtedness reached £122,000. Mr. Joel endeavoured to show that the sums were misappropriated as a result very largely of Mr. Lockie's personal expenses and extravaganzas.

The Devonport contests for Parliament involved him in very large expenditure, as did also taking and furnishing a place called Stone Hall, in Devonshire. Mr. Lockie's outlay, said Mr. Joel, was of such an enormous character that he was practically making out of these companies every available asset. Independent of ventures already alluded to, Mr. Lockie undertook a philanthropic object, a labour federation, involving him in enormous expense, a highly-paid secretary, etc. Mr. Lockie had said that he hoped to do some good to his fellow-creatures before he died.

The case was adjourned till July 4. Mr. Lockie sat for Devonport from 1902 till last year.

TEASED TO FURY.

Roadman Enraged by Frankish Children Gravely Injures a Little Boy.

The highway near the Clwtt, Ruabon, North Wales, has been the scene of a strange outrage, as a consequence of which the life of William Wellings, aged nine, of Gylfylla, is despaired of.

The Denbighshire police state that a party of children were amusing themselves by playing pranks upon an aged roadman, employed by the Denbighshire County Council, and had greatly enraged him.

At this moment Wellings, who had taken no part in teasing the old man, came by bowling his hoop.

The irate roadman is said to have attacked the little fellow with his shovel, inflicting in the lower part of the body wounds that are likely to prove fatal.

An investigation into the circumstances will be made by the Ruabon Justices to-morrow.

MADDENED BY WORRY.

Cricket Secretary's Last Pathetic Appeal to His Wife.

"My dearest Edith," wrote Arthur Ernest Miller, aged twenty-seven, a walking-stick manufacturer's manager, of Benwell-road, Drayton Park, to his wife, "I trust you will forgive me for the trouble I am bringing upon you, and that you will not think bad of me in future."

"My brain seems to be at bursting-point, and I feel devoid of all reason."

"Don't let Babs know of the disgrace, and bring her up to ignore my name as a father. You will find my policies in the bookcase, which you can deal with."

Miller, who, according to a coroner's jury yesterday had drowned himself in the River Lea, had had business worries, and, as secretary of the Highbury Cricket Club, had been pressed for money said to be due for the cricket field.

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RACING IN MUD AT LINGFIELD PARK.

Imperial Plate Won by Queen of the Lilies.

ACCIDENT TO M. CANNON.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LINGFIELD, Wednesday Night.—Rain continued to fall at intervals to-day, and the general conditions were disagreeable, an unfortunate thing for the executive. There were comparatively few ladies, and the flower-bedecked lawn did not exhibit the usual pretty picture, most folk seeking shelter in the stands.

In the Imperial Plate, a valuable race of 1,200 sovs, only half a dozen moderate horses competed, a notable absentee being Khammurabi.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, in mourning for the death of his kinsman, the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, will not run any horses for some weeks, and we shall not see the blue and yellow silks sported at Royal Ascot.

ST. OSWALD SLIPS UP.

Sir Ernest Cassel's Prudent King held first place in the opinion of speculators, and they freely betted odds on him. St. Oswald carried the Duke of Portland's colours, and was just as much fancied as Colonel Baird's Queen of the Lilies, though the latter held a great advantage in the weights, it being a difficult matter to give away a stone in the soft going over this mile and a quarter.

St. Oswald's chance was destroyed on rounding the corner at the foot of the steep hill into the straight, where he fell, but fortunately the rider—M. Cannon—escaped with a shaking. Queen of the Lilies at this juncture took the lead in a nice berth on the rails, and easily managed to hold Prudent King in check, the pair drawing clear away from the others.

Several of the remaining races were won in a canter. Peaceful Lady landed a big stake in the Godstone Plate. This daughter of General Peace held a line on the soundest going on the stand side, and was never approached by Fairing filly, which youngster carried the bulk of the public money.

Large as was the number of runners, backers picked out the winners with great skill, Lord Cholmondeley's Captive scoring for them in the Oxted Handicap, Bibury in the Eden Welter, and Hackenschmidt in the Ford Manor Plate.

MRS. LANGTRY'S INTEREST.

Bibury, in the finest struggle of the afternoon, scrambled home by a short head from Gridiron. Mrs. Langtry was present to see Maria compete, and at one point that candidate looked likely to get home an easy winner, but she stopped to very slow pace below the distance, and was readily beaten several lengths at the finish. Mr. Schwind's white jacket could be distinguished in front from flagfall on Hackenschmidt, which horse ambled home from Amersham and company.

Crickets, interrupted by rain, had no attractions for Lord Dalmeny, who came here to see Fingallin take his chance in the Grange Handicap. This three-year-old, top weight among those running, of which there were only nine out of twenty-eight named on the programme, was the subject of some betting, but not to the tune usual where horses from the Beckhampton stable are concerned. The race was early won by Whistling Rufus, the property of the veteran trainer, Mr. James Waugh.

GREY FRIARS.

Racing return, programmes, and selections appears on page 14.)

GOLF BLUE RIBAND.

Bad Weather Causes Low Scores in the First Round of Open Championship.

It cannot be said that anything in the way of sensational scoring was accomplished by the earlier players in the forty-fifth annual tournament for the open championship, which began on the St. Andrews links yesterday. Possibly the bitterly cold north-east wind affected them to some extent.

J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey), who started a warm favourite, played steady golf, but he spoilt his card at the seventeenth hole, where he pitched on to the adjoining road and took a 7.

James Braid on more than one occasion found the bunkers, but he made some fine recoveries, and returned 81. Some of the leading scores are appended:—

J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey)	80
A. Alexander Hunt (Huddersfield)	80
Walter Toogood (Ilkley)	80
R. Thomson (Roxford)	80
Harry Vardon (South Herts)	80
J. Sherlock (Oxford)	81
A. Smith (Nassau County, U.S.A.)	81
Arnold Massey (North Berwick)	81
James Braid (Wilton Heath)	81
G. J. Renouf (Silloby)	81
Rosland Jones (Wimbledon Park)	81
Wilfred E. Reid (Versailles)	81
H. Hunt (Reigate Heath)	81
George Balfour (Wimbledon)	82
H. Cawsey (Ashford)	82
James Kinell (Purley Downs)	82
Mr. John Graham, jun. (Royal Liverpool)	83

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Suggestions were made at a meeting of the Sailcoates (Hull) Guardians that there was "ragging" amongst the nurses in the infirmary. One who had run away in consequence wrote to the master stating that no one knew what a miserable time the probationers had of it in the hospitals. The matter is being investigated.

Mr. Whitmore, M.P., has given notice to move, on the second reading of the Administrative County of London and District Electric Power Company's Bill, that it "be read a second time upon this day six months."

Officials on duty at Crewe police station were surprised to see a bull march into the parade-room and make straight for the cells. There its progress was arrested, whereupon the animal precipitately turned tail and bounded out.

Mr. Pease, M.P., is to ask the Home Secretary why Mr. Joseph Fox, of 19, Eldon-street, Dartington, who was recently confined in Durham Gaol for not having sent his children to school, was compelled to have his hair cut in spite of his protestations, and whether the question of compensation will be considered.

Locally known as the "Sporting Blacksmith," Mr. J. R. Maddock, of Walkhampton, who has just died at Plymouth, was a familiar figure at hunt meets in the Princetown district. With his small bag of tools slung to his saddle he was always ready to combine business with pleasure during the luncheon interval.

Constant hooting of motor-car horns has caused such annoyance to ministers and their congregations in the metropolis on Sundays that the president of the Local Government Board is to be interrogated on the subject.

Extensive damage was done by a fire which broke out yesterday in a Liverpool warehouse containing 4,400 bales of American cotton.

In Leeds a section of the public is agitating against the inclusion of operatic selections in the Sunday programmes of music. One party says all music is sacred, whilst another draws the line at light opera.

It is stated that the Coliseum Company have been served with a summons to appear at Bow-street Police Court next Wednesday to show cause why they should not take down the revolving globe which surmounts the building, alleged to be a sky sign.

Further evidence having been taken yesterday before the Select Committee of the House of Commons relative to the proposed purchase by the Government of the National Telephone Company's undertaking, the case for the Postmaster-General was closed.

Quite a storm has been raised at Nottingham by the revelations contained in a report just issued concerning corporation employees' holidays. Not only do the working men get holidays, but some are actually given from 10s. to 25s. to spend. The yearly cost to the city is £3,200.

REPORTED NEW MILITARY APPOINTMENT.



It is freely stated in military circles that Lieutenant-General Sir William Nicholson, whose resignation of the Governorship of Gibraltar was announced a few days ago, is to receive the appointment of First Military Member of Council and Chief of the General Staff, now held by Sir Neville Lytton.—(Bassano.)

"Biggie," whose approaching wedding was recently announced "to the boys" through the agony column of a contemporary, was mentioned in the same journal yesterday as under:—"Notice to the Boys—"Biggie" is on active service; do be careful of him, and what he rides."

For over fifty-five years in the service of five successive Ears of Derby, in charge of their cottage property in South Lancashire, Mr. Andrew MacPherson, of Bury, aged seventy-six, left estate worth £2,053.

Whilst punting across the river for the purpose of soliciting orders at Maidenhead yesterday, a young man named Godden, a fishmonger, of Bourne End, fell overboard and was drowned.

Seven tramps who offered organised resistance to stonebreaking at High Wycombe Workhouse, were taken to the police station in a van and sentenced to various terms of hard labour.

"I'm doing now at present. I have given over working. I have done thirty-five years, and I'm doing no more," said Isaac Rowbotham at Stockport when asked his employment.

Many will, no doubt, be surprised to learn, says the "Magazine of Commerce," that there exists in Ireland an undeveloped field of copper on her south-west coast.

Sir Frederick Johnstone, of The Hatch, Windsor, has been robbed of jewels worth £400 whilst returning from Monte Carlo to London.

The portrait of Lady Norah Spencer Churchill in our issue of yesterday was reproduced from a photograph by Thomson.

Next Saturday the New Palace steamers, Royal Sovereign and Koh-i-noor, commence their popular trips to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover.

Motor-bus builders are striving to develop the industry so as to adapt it to the navigation of canals. As the use of petrol on canals is prohibited, their attention is turned towards finding a substitute.

Petitions lodged against the Thames Conservancy Bill by the Commissioners of Sewers, the London Chamber of Commerce, and the Kent and Essex Brickmakers' and Flint Merchants' Protection Association, have been withdrawn.

Workmen excavating at Langton, near Horn-castle, found a number of human bones on exactly the same spot where, a few years ago, several skeletons were discovered. They had scythes by their sides, and were probably fugitives from the battle of Winchby, in 1643, when Cromwell defeated the Royalists.

Mr. W. H. Alexander, B.A., of Manor House, Shipton Bellinger, Andover, the donor of the buildings for, and a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, bequeathed to that institution the portrait by Vandeyke of John Thurloe, and to the National Gallery a portrait, which came from Blenheim, of a woman by Hindmarsh.

FOREIGN BOURSES CONFIDENT.

Resignation of M. Delcasse May Lead to More Pacific Relations Abroad.

BRAZILIAN LOAN SCARE.

CAFEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—With the Whitsuntide holidays approaching, people are not inclined to discuss business prospects with any great gusto. Certainly the markets were as slack as may be with the firmness of the gilt-edged market, the recognition of the cheap money possibilities, and the belief that there was nothing amiss in the political situation. Consols touched 90½ to-day, and this gave tone to the other markets.

There was quite a little commotion about the new Brazilian loan. The protest of the Rio de Janeiro Harbour and Dock Company against the issue is a repetition of one made on a previous occasion. The Government seem to have violated their contract with the Harbour and Dock Company, and to have seized land, which is a security for the new loan, but should really belong to the Harbour and Dock Company.

The matter, it seems, will come up before the Stock Exchange Committee, when the question of the quotation arises. This so scared the market apparently that at one time the premium on the new issue almost ran off. Later it was established again at ½. It certainly seems unsatisfactory that Brazil should have its name so frequently dragged before the public in the matter of alleged unfair dealing.

This is not the only case in which the good faith of Brazil has had to be impugned. It will be interesting to see what reply is made.

NEW YORK MORE CHEERFUL.

Home Railway traffic was not very satisfactory, and consequently the tendency of the Home Railway market was not particularly good. Most of the leading speculative stocks were lower for the day, and the Heavy group was also dull.

American opened under the influence of the further Lawson attacks on Wall-street, and the continued fears about the Equitable matters. It is not satisfactory that the financial transactions of this leading insurance corporation should be the subject of continued comment, and uncertainty. Americans soon seemed to put themselves together, and there were several firm features, whilst this afternoon New York seemed to be in more cheerful mood.

Grand Trunks were inclined to drop. The Argentine Railway market was somewhat irregular in tendency, though here the traffic were regarded as distinctly good. Mexican rails were unaffected by a good traffic, and United of Havanas kept up in spite of the new preference shares.

Apart from the Brazilian matter already noted, there was not much amiss with Foreigners, and it is evident that the bourses do not regard M. Delcasse's resignation as a very serious matter, and seem to think that it may lead to more pacific relations abroad. The feature was the firmness of Peruvians, the story being put about that the negotiations with the Government were being resumed, or at all events likely to be resumed, in regard to the points in dispute.

The war bonds were fairly satisfactory, and Japanese showed a better tendency, the new scrip rising to 14½ premium.

KAFFIRS STILL GLOOMY.

In the Miscellaneous group there was not much to notice. In spite of yesterday's dividend, Hudson's Bays were flat, rallying to 71 towards the close. There was offering, too, of the Chinese speculative shares, like Pekin Syndicates, Babcock and Wilcox shares were firm on the report and the new issue of shares at par.

The Kafir market was as gloomy as ever. The public give absolutely no support, and the dealers show reluctance to take chances. There was further evidence of liquidation at the outset, but later in the day a little interested support seemed to be forthcoming from the finance houses, and the decline was a trifle lessened. It is not certain, however, that this support will be long continued unless the public come forward, and of that there is little sign. In the West African group the Wassau division showed weakness, but Ashanti Goldfields rallied to 10s. on the news of Mr. Feldtman succeeding Mr. Daw as consulting engineer. West-Indians and other mining sections were somewhat dull.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BANK (B): Advise you against the concern. Better the Post Office or revenue stamps.—TWO SECURITIES (M. I. P.): Hold your Fine Spinners. You cannot judge by last year's results. They say that Hope Bros. are now doing rather better than the continuation is severe. EASTLY (W. S. L.): Wound up. Assets 2s. in the 2 being paid by liquidator.—TWO ISUES (Braz-Bul): The Brazilian loan was issued on Saturday, and is now 4 premium. The high yield on Bulgarians is the best proof of their speculative nature. Internal troubles are the chief fear.—SUNNY-TOP GAS (Foster): The shares are regarded as a fair investment. The price of both classes is about 10½, with a somewhat restricted market. The industrial is so thought fairly well off, price 10½. The firms are not members of recognised stock exchanges, and you would do better to deal with a member of one of the latter.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are: 12, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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PARIS OFFICE: 35, Rue Talbot.

DID you notice the extraordinary announcement of SWAN and EDGAR'S, Piccadilly-circus, W., in last Saturday's "Daily Mail," offering Piano-Players at 12gns., usually sold at 40gns.? If not, send to Swan and Edgar's for a copy.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JUNE 8 1905.

A WORD TO MOTORISTS.

THERE is no doubt at all that public feeling against the road-hog motorist, especially in country districts, is working up gradually to explosion point. If nothing be done to abate it before that point is reached a very useful and prosperous industry will be seriously damaged and a very pleasant pastime and means of getting about will be drastically interfered with.

All decent people who own motor-cars are in favour of something being done to pacify public opinion. Even the "World," a paper which appeals almost entirely to the class which can afford automobiles, declares that the law ought to be far more severe upon drivers who make themselves a public nuisance by breaking the law.

It is not merely that these offenders put life and limb in danger. They take away all the pleasure of walking or driving or bicycling along the roads they frequent. Our road-system is not suited to very heavy vehicles travelling at a very high speed. The dust they make ruins everything that grows near the roads, and makes houses utterly unfit to live in.

There is a clear distinction to be drawn between the considerate, reasonable motorist and the vulgar cad whose stupid nature delights in making his caddishness conspicuous, and who thinks it funny to annoy and terrify everyone he meets. The latter should be punished without mercy.

Unless the law is enforced (and, if necessary, strengthened) very soon a clamour will be raised which will force the hand of any Government that happens to be in office. Then the pendulum will swing as far in the direction of severity as it has now swung towards laxness, and the motor-car industry will suffer. Sensible motorists must see that they would be very foolish to let the present situation last too long.

A COWARD'S ACT.

In the course of the Medico-Legal Society's debate on the causes of suicide, a well-known London corner, Dr. Wynn Westcott, said: "It was not a question of cowardice or bravery." Now, surely that is just what it is.

Even the doctor himself seemed to us to admit it when he went on to say that "the most usual causes were drink, poverty, disease, disappointed love, a fit of passion, or an attack of pain."

To kill oneself for any of these reasons is nothing but rank cowardice, pitiful poltroonery. We may not have any clear idea as to why we are here in the world, or what comes after this life. But it is certainly the duty of a brave man to go through with this life, and not to shuffle off of the burden laid upon us, even though it be hard to bear.

Life is a responsibility, affecting others as well as ourselves. Shirking responsibility is the act of a poor creature. There may be one or two cases in the world's history of suicides who were not poor creatures. But they are only the exceptions which prove the rule.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Persons that have some goodness in their soul have a refuge where they may retire at any time, and yet keep in society. Their refuge is their own inside.—*Peter du Moulin* (1600-1684).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-NIGHT at Covent Garden we shall endeavour to show the King of Spain that, if all out-of-doors is sometimes implacably gloomy in London, at least indoors we can sometimes forget the weather with festivities. No opera-house looks better than ours does on state occasions, filled with well-dressed people, covered with flowers. The Paris opera-house, for instance, is too garish and rococo. The boxes there, too, do not set off the occupants, but are dark, cavernous places, only divided by a partition from one another. The great disadvantage about Covent Garden is its situation in a place where richest and poorest so comically meet—where ladies looking for cabs and carriages have to pick their way, in satin slippers, over remnants of cabbages and turnips.

The dinner in aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital, which takes place at the Hotel Cecil to-night, is to be presided over by Lord Zetland. Lord Zetland does not, as might be supposed, own much land in the islands from which he gets his title, but is to all intents and purposes a Yorkshireman, and lives mainly at fine old Aske Hall in that county. He has several smaller places, too, in Yorkshire. One of them, Upleatham, was ruined some years ago by a landslide. The house fell in, the garden walls were levelled, and the garden, with its neat lawns and terraces, became a scene of desolation.

Lord Zetland served about fifteen years ago as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His rather humorous

We were all glad to welcome M. Coquelin back to London at the Shaftesbury Theatre last night, and it is a pity that this visit of his is to be a "flying one." French actors seem to enjoy "flying" about the globe. Mme. Bernhardt is the most energetic of them all, and she travels so much that sometimes her acting suffers. One night (it was the last night of her season) I remember seeing her in a scene in which she had to gaze silently out of a window. As she did this I heard her directing someone below her to pack her trunks. All people below were supposed to be mediæval Florentines, so this overheard conversation rather spoilt the illusion.

It is wonderful to think that M. Coquelin, the first comedian, probably, of the day, should have been told when he first applied for a position on the stage that his face and his voice were against him. Yet so it was. Moreover, when he made his first important appearance at a benefit in Paris he was a dead failure. The last words he spoke as he left the stage were: "I will cool my anger in the air." A voice from the pit was heard: "Yes, go and air yourself, old fellow, only don't come back here again!"

The rumoured resignation of Count Lamsdoff, the famous Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, will probably be received without regret in St. Petersburg, where, of late years, he has not been popular either with the aristocracy or with the people. He is a recluse, and has lived in his rooms at the Russian Foreign Office for more than forty years, scarcely ever going into society. He takes just one walk every day, through the same streets, at the same time. One ought not to have such

KING ALFONSO, A MONARCH WHO "HUSTLES."



He comes from sunny Spain, the land of "Manana," or "To-morrow," where it is popularly supposed that everything is put off for a few days and little is done. But he has run through his sight-seeing in London with an energy that is simply wonderful. The poor reporters who have had to follow his movements are in a state of collapse.

manner and his love for the good old sport of fox-hunting made him as popular as a Lord-Lieutenant can ever hope to be in Dublin. He delighted everybody on one occasion by the costume which he wore when he had to drive many miles in pouring rain. He entered a small shop in a certain seaside village and purchased one of those glazed waterproof suits which look as though they were made of frozen glue, and drove off on the official visit, looking like a jaunty sea captain in one of Mr. Jacobs's stories.

Mr. Grant Lawson, who is said to be the most likely candidate for the position of chairman of committees in the House of Commons, will be glad of the salary of £2,500 attached to that office, since he confessed, last year, that he had "not money enough at present to afford to be a member of Parliament." Mr. Lawson was badly off as a young man, but it was always said that he inherited later on a handsome fortune from a Yorkshire relative, who summoned him to her bedside as she lay dying.

Mr. Lawson, so the story goes, could scarcely afford the expensive journey from London, but he went, and was rewarded by being made the rich relative's heir. Some of his ancestors have had to make a valiant struggle for their living. Mr. Lawson's great-grandfather, William Grant, was a cattle-breeder in Elginshire. He came southwards, to try and better his fortunes, over a hundred years ago. When he arrived with his family at a place where four roads met he flung his stick into the air, and when it fell pointing to Bury, he followed a tradition, settled in that town, and became a prosperous tradesman.

regular habits in Russia, and this was shown when the Count was assaulted when out for his walk one day by a certain Prince, who hates him, and proved it by striking him on the head with a cane at a street corner.

Mr. Amburst Webber, whose opera, "Fiorella," was performed for the first time at the Waldorf last night, is a young English musician whose work has attracted more attention on the Continent than here, although occasionally some of his charming songs and other chamber music have figured on English programmes. He has resided in Paris for the past four years, as musical secretary to Jean de Reszke, and the great tenor is said to think very highly of Mr. Webber's vocal writing. This little opera was, as a matter of fact, written for Jean de Reszke's model theatre in Paris, and the tenor himself was to have sung in it, but for patriotic reasons Mr. Henry Russell was allowed to first produce it. It is said to think, however, that an English musician must write opera in a foreign tongue in order to get it played.

There is little chance of the late Mr. H. C. Richards's seat in East Finsbury being held by the Conservatives. Mr. Allen Baker has been working the constituency for a long time past, and Mr. Richards has only a little while before he died that ever he expected to have a hard fight. Mr. N. L. Cohen is nothing like such a good candidate—certainly not a man to arouse enthusiasm. In the Kingswinford Division of Staffordshire, too, there is a good chance of a Liberal gain. In 1885 the Tory majority was only 631. The dead member, Lordship Webb, had strong local influence, and in 1890 was not opposed. Now there should be a stiff fight.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHY NOT SIR HENRY IRVING?

Is it not strange that the King of Spain, our own King's honoured guest, should be taken to a gala performance at the Opera, where the artists are principally foreigners, when the world's greatest actor, Sir Henry Irving, is playing at Drury Lane? Surely a performance of Sir Henry's would be a great and abiding memory for the young monarch.

ARTHUR PERCIVAL.
Southampton House, Queen's-square, W.C.

WHICH IS THE EXTRAVAGANT SEX?

Surely "Mother" knows that her 11s. 6d. hat, half tulle and half flowers, is very quickly faded and shabby, but a man's Panama, costing 35s., is cleaned and worn as new again time after time. And a man on a steamer trip wants something a little more substantial than the buns and milk his children require under the same circumstances. Besides, the man, being the bread-winner and hard at work day after day, surely has the right to be a little extravagant if he has the means.

ANOTHER MOTHER.
170, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

ENCOURAGING FRAUD.

It is very wrong of people like the Chancellor of the Exchequer's secretary to give to anyone who asks for money without making proper inquiry.

So easy has such slackness become that hundreds of men and women, and even children, are taking to this easy occupation of demanding small sums for some object which has no existence.

To-day a child with a notebook accosted me in the street and asked for a subscription to "Poor Children's Holidays." Of course, I declined, but I was sorry to see she had a good few entries in her notebook.

STEPHEN SANDEMAN.
Ashbourne Mansions, S.W.

POSTCARD RED TAP.

My boy, on a visit to Paris, sends home pictorial postcards with little notes written on the address side, in the space ruled off for the purpose. For this we are penalised 3d., and of this I complain.

The wisecrack will say if the boy had only read the microscopic notice on the card he would have seen that what is encouraged for inland postage is prohibited for exportation! Quite so; but what sensible boy would expect to find such nonsense there?

Cannot the Postmaster-General be stirred up to alter this, or must we wait until his Majesty can take it in hand? All reforms come from him nowadays.

X. Y. Z.
Bath.

HOW TO KEEP THIN.

Can any of your readers tell me if it is a fact that the wearing of a broad belt or corset by a man while he is young will prevent his becoming stout, provided, of course, he always keeps up the wearing of it?

I have often heard this alleged, but I have never found anyone who could vouch for it from personal experience.

INQUIRER.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P.

FOR ten long years he has been Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons. To-day everyone expects that he will be chosen to take Mr. Gully's place as Speaker, sit in the historic Chair, and interpret the rules of the House to its members.

He has a magnificent and well-controlled voice, and ought to fill the position perfectly. That he has patience, the first great virtue of a Speaker, has been proved over and over again to those who have watched him enduring the gout, which he has inherited from port wine-drinking ancestors, with stoical resignation and good temper.

One House, too, admires his courage in this. One night a session or two ago he took the Chair in the midst of a bad attack. As he passed up the House, pale, leaning on his stick, a warm cheer went up from both sides in recognition of his pluck.

The other virtue of a Speaker, authority, the power to make his will felt amongst other conflicting wills, he possesses less noticeably, perhaps, but none the less sufficiently. Severity, with him, is always a little sarcastic. He makes a turbulent member seem absurd by treating him with ironical respect, by bowing to him graciously and waving his interruptions away.

In spite of sarcasm and severity, he is one of the most popular members of the House, and the position of Speaker would suit him infinitely better than that of High Commissioner in South Africa, whither, when Lord Milner resigned, he was supposed to be going.

IN MY GARDEN.

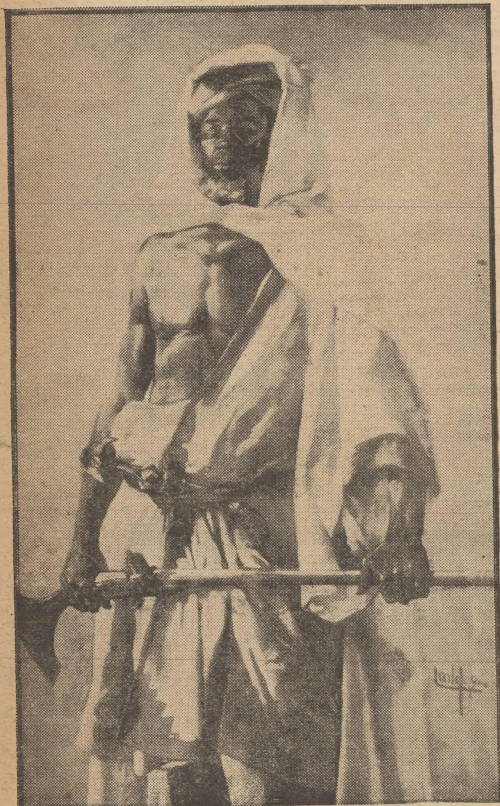
JUNE 7.—The garden, under moist skies, puts forth new wonders each morning. Many climbers are in bloom. Following the mountain clematis, here are the early large-flowered varieties, several arches being covered with great white and pale blue stars. The lovely wistaria, with its weeping blue flowers, is also a joy to behold. Honey-suckles and syringes, crowded with buds, in a few days will add new scents to summer's sweetness.

Although laburnums are fading, brooms, white and glowing yellow, almost take their places.

E. F. T.

NEWS

DRAWN BY A KING.



The pastel drawing of an Arab chief, lent to the exhibition at St. Peter's Institute, Buckingham Palace-road, by the King of Portugal. It was drawn by the King himself, and is naturally the centre of attraction at the exhibition, as much for its real merit as on account of the personality of the artist.

HELPING "OUR DUMB FRIENDS."



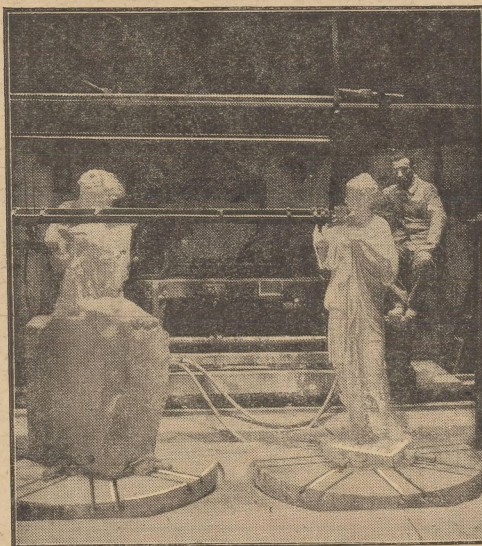
Baroness Percy de Worms (seated on the right) as a saleswoman at her soap and perfumery stall in the "Noah's Ark" Bazaar, in aid of "Our Dumb Friends' League" at Prince's Skating Rink.

ROYAL BRIDAL WREATH.



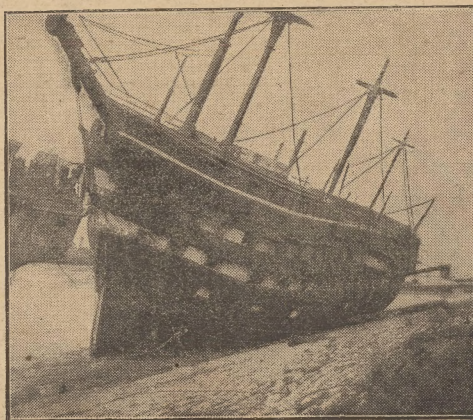
The beautiful floral wreath worn by Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg on the occasion of her marriage with the German Crown Prince at Berlin.

INGENIOUS MECHANICAL SCULPTOR.



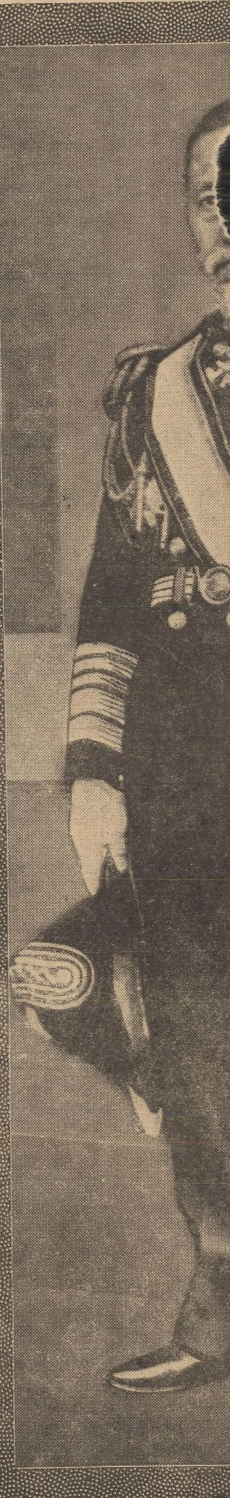
A wonderful piece of mechanism which has just been erected at the premises of the Automatic Sculpture Syndicate, Limited. It will duplicate any piece of sculpture with absolute fidelity to the original, and when at work pares away the hardest stone as if it were cheese.

BOYS' OLD TRAINING SHIP.



The old wooden battleship Exmouth, so long moored at Grays, is now being broken up in Penarth Dock. It is interesting to note that the Exmouth has seen service against the Russians, having served in the Crimea.

ADMIRAL LATEST



This fine portrait of the Nelson of a good one of the gallant admirals who narrowly escaped death or injury in the conning-tower where he was shot. (Copyright stereograph)

LOGO'S TRAIT



ally interesting as the first really
The news has just arrived that
battle, a shell splinter entering
standing an officer by his side.—
te Co., London.)

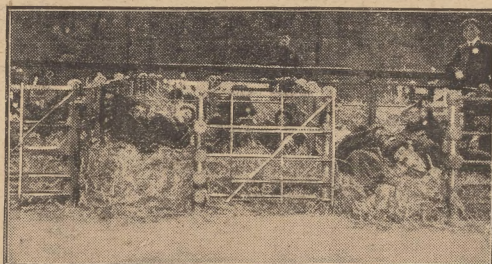
MARCHING ON LONDON.



Rev. F. L. Donaldson, the Leicester clergyman who is accompanying more than 500 unemployed of that town on a march to London.



The ambulance at work during the Leicester men's march. A number of the men have been suffering greatly from blistered feet, and the ambulance has been kept fully employed.



The out-of-works camping out for the night in the cattle market at Market Harborough. Straw was laid down for their accommodation.



Marching in the rain. The Leicester men have had very trying weather for their journey. Sacks and old rugs have been in great request by way of waterproofs.



The racecourse grand stand at Northampton was the resting-place of the unemployed men on the second night of their journey. Our photograph was taken as they were leaving in the morning.



Another snapshot of the men leaving their free-quarters in the racecourse grand stand at Northampton. Breakfast of bread and cheese and tea was served out before they started.

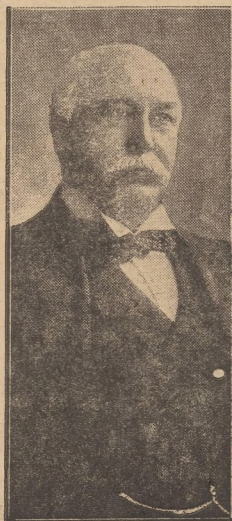
VIEWS

TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY.



Miss Marjorie Nevill, daughter of Lord and Lady George Nevill, and granddaughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny, who is to be married to-day at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, to Mr. Percy Nevill (whose portrait appears at the top right-hand corner), son of the Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Nevill.—(Thomson, Bassano.)

COTTON MAGNATE.



Mr. C. W. Macara, president of the great international congress of master cotton-spinners now being held in Liverpool.—(Lafayette.)

KING ALFONSO'S GIFT.



The gold chalice and paten just presented by King Alfonso of Spain to the Cathedral of Westminster.—By courtesy of Art and Book Co., Westminster.)

THE HOLIDAY PROBLEM.

How and Where To Spend Whitsuntide, Wet or Fine.

NOVEL ATTRACTIONS.

Rain, rain, rain. Hardly an encouraging outlook when everyone is ready for holidays.

If it were not for the weather and the King of Spain London would be a desert this week-end.

But the weather almost all over England has been equally bad. Very few towns have been able to boast of decent, much less fine, weather. Scarborough has headed the sunshine list, and Blackpool has not been far behind, while Llandudno, Bettws-y-Coed, and Harrogate, though they have not been able to lay claim to much sun, have escaped the general downpour. Leicester, for some strange reason, is actually suffering from want of rain!

But that is a strange thing about English weather. A few years ago, at Whitsuntide, there was a general downpour all over England. Almost everyone stayed at home. While everywhere else was drenched one town was bathed in brilliant sunshine. That place was Bexhill. The visitors there were sunning themselves in deck chairs on the front, while mackintoshes and umbrellas were the general wear elsewhere. The town was like an island in a sea of rain. It must not be laid to the credit of the town council or anything of that kind, but the fact remains.

HOLIDAYS A LOTTERY.

Holiday-making is at best rather a lottery. The chosen spot may have fine weather, or it may not. It may be the only exception to the generally-existing state of things, either to its advantage or the reverse.

But there is always the comforting old saying, "Rain before seven, fine before eleven," which, being interpreted, amounts to the fact that it seldom rains for more than four or five hours on end. The same thing applies to days as well as hours. It does not often rain for a whole week, and the rain began on Monday—a comforting thought.

On the whole, the present bad weather shows a tendency to move eastward, so the West of England will be the finer for holiday purposes.

In the northern parts, too, conditions for holiday-makers are better than they are in the south and south-east. The weather is cold, but there is no deluge, such as Portsmouth, for instance, has suffered.

Parliamentary holiday-making starts to-day, and to-morrow the House of Lords adjourns, while the day after, Saturday, when the King of Spain has departed, the King and Queen leave London for Windsor, where they will stay until after the royal wedding.

One of the chief attractions for Londoners who decide to spend their holidays in town will be the arrival of the Leicester "Coxeys." They form the only striking departure from the ordinary

Bank Holiday amusement fare. They will probably attend service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday morning and hold a Trafalgar-square meeting in the afternoon.

The Tradesmen's Horse Show at the Crystal Palace is a novelty, and the Cart Horse Parade in Regent's Park is an evergreen Whit-Monday attraction. There are athletic sports at Wembley Park, Stamford Bridge, and the Crystal Palace.

The big entertainments out of London are the Sherborne Pageant, which starts its four days' run on Monday, and the motor-car races on the sands at Fife. Motor-car racing on the beach is new to England, though well known in America. The Fife Sands are excellent, and there will probably be records broken, if nothing else. The Clamisco private brigade, the French Minister of War will act as judge.

Then, too, the Belgian State Railway and mail packet service is running cheap excursions to Ostend, Brussels, Waterloo, and Antwerp.

As for home excursions, they are too numerous to mention. Hardly a pleasure resort or a large town but has special trains at holiday prices for holiday-makers.

If only the weather is fair!

A SENTIMENTAL PLAY.

"L'Abbé Constantin," with Which M. Coquelin Opened His Season at the Shaftesbury Last Night.

Anyone who may desire to take children, old maids, young ladies, or other innocent and inexperienced people to the French play need not be afraid to go to "L'Abbé Constantin," which M. Coquelin chose as the opening play of his season last night at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

"L'Abbé Constantin" is one of those plays which we are fond of calling "wholesome" in England. It is all about love amidst the roses of a country vicarage, and wonderfully kind people who are rich only to give money to the poor, or poor only to be made rich. It is a goody-goody play, all milk and honey.

The great estate near which the good old Abbé has his vicarage has been bought by two rich American ladies. Everybody wonders what they will be like. Probably they will be insolent, vulgar, irreligious.

Not at all. When the Americans arrive they turn out to be as good as the Abbé, devout Catholics, and generous. They give money to the Abbé for charity, they build him an organ, his godson falls in love with one of them and marries her. The Americans are angels, not Anglo-Saxons.

M. Coquelin, as the Abbé hero of this mild piece of sentiment (which is, by the way, very badly written), is delightfully gentle, benign, and almost irresistibly kind-hearted.

The play is not to be taken seriously by those who happen to have grown up, but for infants it is a very suitable entertainment indeed.

perintended his household, his dinners; she entertained his guests and played chaperone to his single feminine friends and relatives. She was a sort of human Encyclopedia Propriétaire Britannica; she was well bred, well born, and just clever enough to use her ears, her eyes, and her tongue only when required to do so.

She was a social passive resister in the Vogel ménage, and she drew a salary of a thousand a year—and perquisites.

She was worth the money—to Vogel; her white hair, her bad complexion, and her ancestors were so eminently respectable. She hated Dolores, but was clever enough to tolerate her.

"I don't feel in the mood for Mrs. Darcy," Dolores said. "I must really rest a little before I see her; if Jeannette is still in your service, please let her make me to my room and fix me up, as you call it."

A couple of servants were dispatched to see if Jeannette still existed, and Dolores waited in the inner hall and watched Vogel's friends fussing and fuming, chattering and giggling, strutting and bobbing to and fro.

She spoke, answered questions, laughed at jokes and let her and received compliments in the same dull, dazed way as she had listened to and spoken to her husband in the cab.

She herself felt, as she lay back in a deep leather chair, as if she were outside life, leaning over its invisible wall, an unseen spectator of man's madness.

She was grateful whenever the French maid appeared and carried her away to her room.

"I thought, perhaps, you had left Mr. Vogel's service," she said as Jeannette deftly removed her dust cloak and hat and gloves. "Good servants never seem to remain here long."

Jeannette showed her teeth in an appreciative smile.

Mrs. Darcy has tried to get rid of me, made-moiselle, but the housekeeper she refuse to let me go. But I was thinking I could not stand it any longer, and now you return and so I stay—Oui?"

"I must try and find you a good situation," Dolores said absently.

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

ONLY WANT THE CHANCE.

The weather is beyond words, but one cannot say worse of it than did a diplomatic representative of the Shah in London. He had experienced a week not unlike the present one. "Is it a fact that the people of your country worship the sun?" a distinguished lady asked him. "Yes, madame, it is a fact," answered the Ambassador. "We do worship the sun; and so would you if you got the chance of beholding it."

LUCKY THOMAS SMITH.

Two advertisements from a local paper:—

In consequence of annoying mistakes, Thomas Smith, the baker, begs to announce that he is not the same person as Thomas Smith, the sweep, and that he has no connection with the latter individual.

The other appeared next day, and read:—

Thomas Smith, the sweep, who was stated yesterday to be a different person from and to be in no way connected with, Thomas Smith, the baker, wishes, for the sake of distinction, to be known in future as Lucky Thomas Smith.

HUMOUR IN THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

"Truth" quotes a good instance of American humour in business. The following letter was received the other day by a London firm:—

"Our cashier fell unconscious at his desk this morning. Up to this time, 4.0 p.m., we have been unable to get a word out of him except your name."

"May we say to him, with a view to his immediate recovery, that we have your cheque, as we think that is what is on his mind?"

Breakfast should be, above all meals, one of cheerfulness and good humour, tinged with the rising hopes of a day's achievement.—*Bulletin*, Sydney.

KING ALFONSO'S BAD TIP.

A well-known French sportsman calls his horse Mal au Ventre (stomach-ache), which tickled the fancy of King Alfonso, who is reported (says the "Daily Chronicle") to have said to the owner at the Auteuil races: "I am told your horse is sure to win, and I am advised by a sporting editor to Mal au Ventre, and by a London firm to turn to M. Loubet, and said: "If this horse wins, I shall certainly send that telegram to my mother." Mal au Ventre did not win, and so Queen Christina was spared a new spasm of maternal anxiety.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE SCARLET BAT, by Fergus Hume. F. V. White, 6s. Another of Fergus Hume's exciting detective stories. The hero is a mysterious person who is accused of a murder he has not committed, but is at last proved innocent.

MY LADY LAUGHTER, by Dwyght Tilton. Dean and Son, 6s. To be published shortly. A romance, the scene of which is in Boston during the Great Siege (1775), and the such as Washington, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams are woven. Fully illustrated in colour.

THE SCOTCH BOO FOR SCANDAL, THE CRITIC, AND THE RIVALS, Sheridan, Heinemann, 6d. each. The three latest additions to Messrs. Heinemann's wonderful series of classic plays. Each volume has a photographic frontispiece and a special introduction.

"With you—let me come with you. I should be always happy to serve you."

Dolores laughed.

"I'm going away, far away, Jeannette. . . . But now you must try and make me presentable for dinner to-night. I shall lie down in the boudoir until you tell me it's time to dress. I don't want to be disturbed."

Jeannette helped Dolores into a tegown, loosened her hair, and then left her alone, whilst she hunted through the wardrobe in the bedroom and chose the dress her mistress should wear.

As soon as the door leading into the bedroom was closed Dolores lay on the sofa, and from her bosom she took the two little blue bottles. They were no longer cold now; they had lain too long near the heat. One bottle was bigger than the other and but half full, so she emptied the contents of the smaller one into it, watching the slow, pungent liquid drop by drop.

She threw the empty bottle into the fireplace; the other she held in her hand, and gazed at it with a strange fascination.

Death? Could such a tiny phial hold death? Could those few brown drops take from her the mysterious thing called life, close her eyes for ever, steal the red from her lips, the light from her eyes, the strength from her limbs?

It seemed impossible—and yet it was so. She wondered how long it would take—a minute, an hour, a day?

Why not now, at once, why wait and suffer any longer? If Arthur Merrick lived, her life would only add to his shame and misery; if he were dead—

She put the bottle to her lips and the light from the window gleamed on the blue glass.

Blue—like those few June days they had spent together—and as bitter sweet as the poison, now that they had passed. They would never come again, they could never come again. Then why wait?

The slow brown poison already hungrily kissed those red lips, and at the touch of Death's lips

(Continued on page 11.)

"ONE OF THE FINEST CHILDREN EVER SEEN."

The words quoted above are an extract from a letter received by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Limited, which letter is typical of thousands of others. The writer says: "I wish to tell you that I have recently brought up my baby, who is seventeen months old, on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids.' He is pronounced one of the finest children ever seen." Obviously, every mother would like to be able to write in a similar way, and it is therefore worth while to consider for a moment why such satisfactory results follow the use of "Savory and Moore's Best Food."

THE REASON WHY.

There is one reason, and one reason only, why children brought up on "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" make such splendid and marked progress. "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is the result of thought, investigation, long experiment, and applied scientific knowledge. Every element needed for the building of a sturdy frame, vigorous brain, strong nerves, and efficient muscles, is combined in precisely the correct proportion in "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids." Tested both theoretically and practically, "Savory and Moore's Best Food" satisfies every requirement of a perfect food, not only for infants, but also for invalids, the aged, and those whose digestion is weak.

SIGNS OF IMPROPER FEEDING.

A baby may be improperly fed, or it may be overfed, and these conditions show themselves by certain unmistakable signs. The infant fails to properly increase in weight, or it is too fat without due development of muscular strength, which indicates the rickety condition, and the motions are unhealthy. Where such signs of improper feeding are present immediate steps should be taken to improve the condition of baby's health and to build up a strong constitution equal to the demands of later life. A large amount of useful information calculated to promote this desirable end will be found in the booklet which Savory and Moore are pleased to send to all who are interested.

DELICATE BABIES.

If baby's ill-health is due to improper feeding, nothing will so quickly benefit the child as "Savory and Moore's Best Food." Over and over again have mothers written quite voluntarily saying that as soon as they commenced using "Savory and Moore's Best Food," evidences of improvement quickly became apparent, and that these continued until the child was once again the picture of health. That where there had been vomiting and diarrhoea these unpleasant troubles stopped at once, and that the very first meal with "Savory and Moore's Best Food" was digested. We quote from two letters received. "We tried 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' for our baby, and after two weeks, without success, the baby being unable to retain them. At this stage we tried 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids' which, to our great relief, we found she was able to assimilate from the very first. Your food has been the means of saving the child's life." Another mother says: "For the first five months I tried nine different foods, and she was unable to digest any of them, and she was, in fact, a living skeleton. I then tried 'Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids' and the change was something marvellous."

INVALIDS STRENGTHENED, AGED NOURISHED.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food" is an ideal article of diet for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, delicate people, growing children, the aged, and those whose digestion is in any way weakened, and who consequently find a difficulty in retaining and assimilating ordinary food. One striking advantage of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is that it may be prepared in many different and appetising ways. The importance of this point will be readily understood, because nothing is more characteristic of the invalid condition than the craving for a change of diet.

YOU ARE INVITED TO SEND.

Messrs. Savory and Moore are very anxious that parents, nurses, and others should convince themselves of the value of their "Best Food for Infants and Invalids," and they therefore offer to send a large trial tin in return for six penny stamps. You will also receive with the trial tin instructions how to prepare "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids," both for the young, the convalescent, and the aged. The book about baby gives the correct height at different ages, the correct weight, particularly as to muscular development, and the age at which the various teeth should be cut. Food tables for infants up to the age of about two years are also included, and there is a very large amount of useful information which it concerns all parents to know.

"SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS"

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LOST IN THE WINNING

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. NERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman-jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXXV. (continued).

"Of course, you're dining with us?" Vogel said to Dolores; he glanced at Hilary, uncertain perhaps as to whether he were in a fit state to dine, whether he were "safe."

"Racing agrees with you, Husband," she laughed. "You're looking quite fit, a different man."

Hilary laughed softly.

"Tisn't racing, and it isn't—the other thing—I am a different man, you're right."

"Well, you're both dining then?" Vogel continued. "We shall be a big party, have an impromptu dance afterwards. I've wired for Glauk's orchestra."

"I haven't any clothes," Dolores said idly.

Vogel looked at his watch.

"Couldn't the emotional dressmaker in Hanover-square fit you anything? But you always leave a room full of clothes here, you'll find something—by the way, your room is still vacant; I'll tell Mrs. Darcy."

Mrs. Darcy was Vogel's tame hostess; she su-

NORWAY DETHRONES KING OSCAR.



The Norwegian Parliament yesterday passed a unanimous resolution dissolving the union with Sweden and declaring that King Oscar had ceased to be King of Norway. It was decided to offer the crown to Prince William, son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, whose portrait appears in the top right-hand corner of the photograph above.

BOAT TOWED BY BALLOON.



A boat towed by a captive balloon has been a curious feature of Teddington Reach during the last day or two. The idea seemed to be fairly successful in operation.

BOHEMIAN DEAD.



Mr. Charles Townley, journalist and Bohemian, whose death is just announced. He wrote over 4,000 leading articles, and, as Superintendent Registrar, married 10,000 couples.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

Dolores shivered and started back to realisation of what she was doing. To die without seeing Arthur again!

Were he dead or living she must look on his face once again, and his lips should be the last to meet hers. His lips though cold and senseless should be pressed to hers last of all, not Death's!

She hastily put the cork in the bottle and hid it away in her bosom again, and turning her face to the cushions she burst into tears.

Nature came to her aid just in time and opened the flood-gates, letting loose the pent up torrent of emotion that had threatened to sweep her away into the unknown.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Mr. Vogel considered that his dinner-party was a great success; he liked to feel he was emulating the King and the Duke of Devonshire in entertaining his friends, after the Derby, to dinner and then a dance.

His only regret was that the King and the Duke were not present. As the result of winning the Derby he happened to be introduced to a certain noble lord, and now full of good food and expensive wine he could not refrain from referring to "My friend the Duke of G—, Splendid fellow, one of the right sort."

Directly dinner was over and before the dance commenced Dolores was tempted to run away, to hasten back to Epsom and see Arthur Merrick.

Since the tears had washed away the mental fog that had obscured her outlook on life Dolores viewed the tragedy of the afternoon in a different light; she began to feel more keenly. Perhaps she suffered more in consequence, but suffering was easier to bear than the cold, dead pain that had been hers during the afternoon.

She was tortured by the thought of Arthur lying ill and wracked with pain; perhaps dying with her name on his lips, calling to her to come to him—perhaps already dead.

And it was then that the little blue bottle nestling close to her heart brought her comfort; with that ready to use at any moment she did not fear her husband, nor Vogel.

But the former followed her about wherever she went, from room to room; followed her, not now as a spy; but like a dog following his mistress, afraid lest she were trying to lose him.

She noticed, with surprise, how at dinner he had refused all wine and spirits until the very end; and then he had fallen, and taken a liqueur brandy and gulped it hastily down, as if frightened and ashamed.

When dancing commenced he was the very first to ask her for a waltz; she tried to excuse herself, but in vain. He insisted, and she had to consent. She wondered, with a certain grim humour, which would be the lesser evil—to attempt to dance it or to sit it out.

Hilary solved the problem for her by leading her away from the ballroom to a quiet corner on the stairs where palms and blue curtains hid them from view.

"We can talk here unobserved," he said nervously.

She noticed that his nerves were not under such good control as they had been a few hours ago; his eyes were not so bright nor his hands so steady.

"What do you want to talk about?" she asked, forcing a smile.

"To-night and to-morrow," he replied. "To-night I must see Vogel and make him settle up—yes, to-night, I can't wait until to-morrow. I felt so strong a few hours ago, but I feel that my strength is ebbing away; if I wait until to-morrow I shan't be able to tackle him. Dolores, you gave me courage and confidence this afternoon—give me more, now."

"I—I gave you courage—how do you mean? What did I say, what did I do?"

"You gave me hope; you showed me that I was no longer detestable to you, you no longer recoiled from me with disgust. I felt this afternoon that I should be able to win you. I made up my mind to throw over Vogel, to have no more to do with him, now."

(Continued on page 13.)

To H.M. the King.

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A very simple piece of work for the woman who always likes to be doing needlework when she has any spare time is a small cushion, called in other days an elbow cushion, but now used for the head, made of silk or linen of some pretty colour, edged with a frill to match. The decorative note is imparted to the cushion by means of a detachable square of hemstitched cambric embroidered with a floral pattern. Cushions such as

this are quickly made, and are serviceable both in the town and country home. Embroidered sash curtains are a form of needlework that is receiving a good deal of attention at this moment from housewives who like hangings of this description that are different from the ordinary type. The curtain is composed of fine linen,

white is also utilised for these curtains; indeed, the idea is one admitting of endless variations and developments.

TOMATO AND CHICKEN SALAD.

INGREDIENTS.—About five or six ounces of cold chicken, one pound of firm, ripe tomatoes, one or two lettuce, one gill of mayonnaise sauce, two teaspoons of chopped parsley, one teaspoon of chopped tarragon.

Peel the tomatoes and slice them. Mince the fowl, and mix it with the mayonnaise. Arrange the carefully-prepared lettuce round a salad bowl. Next the tomato slices, with a good spoonful of the chicken on each slice. Sprinkle over all the tarragon and parsley.



A beautiful evening gown of oyster-white supple satin, decorated with panels in silks of the natural colour.



Pale blue linen gown, adorned with broderie Anglaise trimmings executed on the linen.

and the design, which may be adapted from some old Hungarian embroidery, is executed in washing silks. The colouring is almost barbaric in the blending of its brilliant blues, greens, reds, and touches of orange, and is very effective in a room that needs brightening. The satin stick in which the pattern is worked makes the appearance equally good from either side of the material.

Other curtains of this kind are treated with a simple border, in some instances purely conventional in character, in others of natural flowers worked on a coarse kind of canvas specially made for the purpose in a deep shade of twine-colour, and of a texture admirably adapted to hanging. Thin muslin worked with shadow embroidery in



Quaint evening dolman of coral-pink cloth, with a collar and cuffs of darker rose velvet, embroidered with bronze, green, and gold.

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LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

to give him up altogether. He has simply used me as a tool all his life; he brought me back from America only that I might—

"I know—I know," Dolores cried, hiding her face in her hands. "Don't refer to it, don't remind me. He brought you back to blackmail me, to frighten me into selling a man's honour—and you know how well you succeeded for unwittingly I have perhaps sold his life."

"If I had not come back you would have sold my honour," Hilary said slowly. "There was no resentment in his voice; it was only very sad."

"Have you any honour?" she asked. "Do you seriously think that I owe you anything, that you have any claim on me?" Hilary shook his head.

"Morally, no. Legally, yes. Legally I can claim submission, respect, obedience from you. The law will, if I choose to ask it, force you to live with me at once, to do my bidding in all things."

Dolores laughed.

"There is a power you are forgetting to take into account that is stronger than the law," she said.

"No, I did forget; but to-day I remembered. You showed me—"

Dolores shrank back and instinctively she placed her hand on her breast.

Had he seen, had he guessed? Did he know that she preferred to be Death's bride rather than his?

"That is why," he continued in the same quiet, sad voice, "that is why I am anxious to settle up with Vogel and get, not only myself, but you, too, out of his power, out of his clutches. I no longer want his help, I shall not ask the law to persuade, or force, my wife to fulfil the promises she made so

many years ago. That other power you spoke of, the power that is stronger than the law, stronger than Vogel and his millions, that great power will help me, shall help me win you, make you really mine; that power shall give you to me body and soul for ever and ever."

Dolores trembled and stared at her husband with a new terror in her eyes. A madman's horrible scheme had entered his poor mad brain—he meant to kill her and himself if she refused to live with him and acknowledge him as her lawful husband.

"Perhaps there will be no need to use that power," she stammered, trying to gain time to think. Death in itself she did not fear, rather she welcomed it; but not at his hands, not with him.

"The power I mean is love," he whispered. "I love you, and my love will turn your heart towards me, Dolores. The power of love is infinite; you will learn to love me, I know that you will if I am patient and prove my love for you. Tell me that it is so, tell me I'm not dreaming; tell me that one day—one day your heart will melt, that at least you will give me the chance of proving my love, and of teaching you to love me. Tell me that."

Trembling, Dolores looked at her husband, suddenly become her lover, looked at him with surprise too great for words—surprise and pity.

She was on the point of telling him the truth—of telling him that, whatever he did, whatever he became, however patient he was, all would be in vain—that there was only one man in the world for her, the man who, through her, had been wrecked and ruined—when she saw, in this sudden, miraculous change in her husband, this transformation from a dipsomaniac to a gentle lover-like maniac—she saw a chance of saving herself, perhaps of saving the man she loved.

It was a mean advantage to take, perhaps, but what did she owe the man grovelling at her feet? Nothing—nothing.

"I can promise nothing," she said unsteadily. "But, perhaps, if you are very patient—perhaps I may learn to understand you—to—to like you."

"That is enough," he cried wildly. "You shall see I have not promised the impossible; I will prove my love, my patience; I will prove myself worthy to be your husband before I make any claim, any demand."

"Remember, I promise nothing," she said rising. "But you give me—hope?"

She nodded.

"Yes, hope is left to all of us—it is the last and best gift the Gods gave us. Yes, you may hope."

He seized her hands and covered them with kisses, then proudly he offered her his arm and escorted her back to the ball-room.

It was down before the last visitor left Vogel's palace in Grosvenor-square, before the last guest sought his room—and sleep. Like a shadow Hilary had followed Vogel wherever he went, and at last as the proud but weary millionaire prepared to turn in he confronted him.

"Settled up," Vogel repeated thickly. "What d'you mean?"

"I want to be paid—for myself and for my wife: you promised to settle up to-night."

Vogel pulled himself together and stared hard at Hilary.

"Oh, yes—why didn't you remind me before—it's too late to-night—or too early," he laughed. "To-morrow morning—"

"No—to-night! It has always been 'to-morrow' with me: I've never found a to-day, but been put off with to-morrows all my life. So we'll settle up to-night—to-day," with a glance at the daylight creeping through the shutters; "the night has passed, the darkness rolled away—it is day, it is my day."

(To be continued.)

BRILLIANT VICTORY FOR SUSSEX.

Australians Avert Defeat at Bradford—Northampton and the M.C.C.

COLONIALS AT LORD'S.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The rain, which has been hailed with enthusiasm by agriculturists all over the country, has not been equally popular with cricketers. In fact, during the last three days only one match was played to a finish. Of the others, game after game was abandoned, while the two London contests were not even started.

The programme of these three days was a full and an important one, and more than one club has sustained a heavy financial loss, which it was ill able to support.

Fry has good reason to be proud, both of himself and the side he captains. To lose the toss, make 233 runs, pass the thousand runs some streets ahead of any other first-class bat after a sequence of bad luck, declare the innings closed, and then win the match by an innings and 215 runs is a grand performance, which has seldom, if ever, been equalled. Had Fry scored another 23 runs he would have beaten Notts off his own bat.

Denton's Record Against Australians.

Denton played a fine innings for his side, scoring the highest individual innings up to date, against the Australians. Although he had his fair share of luck, his performance was full of merit, and made it possible for Yorkshire to win the match. This, however, was not to be, Noble and Armstrong supplementing the efforts of Duff and Hill in sterling style, and making a draw practically inevitable while they were together.

The Australians, who have been up against some longish journeys lately, return to town to-day, where they will meet a strong combination in the M.C.C. The team will be picked from—F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, C. B. Fry, P. F. Warner, R. H. Spooner, H. K. Foster, Braund, Thompson, Huish, King, Mead, Fielder, and J. T. Hearne.

Of these all the amateurs are likely to find places, and, as the recent weather has made Lord's very soft, Fielder is very likely to be left out of the Northampton supporters view with something of consternation the certain inclusion in the M.C.C., and exclusion from the Northampton side, of Thompson, who has been called the George Hirst of Northampton.

Consternation in Northampton.

Representations have been made to the premier club as to Northampton's reliance on Thompson, and the almost imperative necessity of his playing for his county. The M.C.C., however, found themselves unable to release the Northampton professional.

Others are also playing only half-strength, as C. B. Fry is assisting the M.C.C. Under these circumstances, the Sussex v. Northampton match to-day, at Northampton, can hardly be deemed a representative inter-county match.

Surrey play Gloucester at the Oval, always supposed that the ground is dry enough for play. An impartial review of the doings of both points to the fact that the "Surrey Chocolate" should score yet another success.

Both Universities are playing to-day. Oxford, who are reported when at full strength to be the stronger team, will face Notts at Oxford. The Nottingham men have a bit to get back after their disastrous encounter with Sussex, and are sure to strain every nerve to wipe out the recent stain of defeat.

Cambridge play Yorkshire, and, as the wicket is bound to be wet, the Cantabs will have to put forth their best effort to escape a heavy defeat. Denton generally gets 90 against the "Varsity," though he is usually missed first. The Cambridge fielding in this year, however, is strong, and it is a good deal on this department of the game that they rely to win matches. F. B. WILSON.

YORKSHIRE AND AUSTRALIANS DRAW.

Thanks mainly to some steady play by Noble and Armstrong for the colonials, the match at Bradford ended in a draw. Score—

YORKSHIRE.		Second Innings.	
H. Wilkinson, c. Howell	44	c. Armstrong, b. Noble	7
Grimshaw, c. Armstrong	40	run out	41
Noble	37	c. Duff, b. Laver	24
Howkins	37	not out	153
St. John, c. Howell	27	run out	52
Rhodes, b. Noble	27	not out	13
Hughes, c. Armstrong	27	not out	13
Myers, b. Cottier	8	not out	13
Bathery, b. Cottier	8	not out	13
Hargreave, c. Armstrong	2	not out	13
Extras	26	Extras	19
Total	324	Total (for 4 wks)	266

AUSTRALIANS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W. P. Howell, b. Ringrose	0		
J. J. Kelly, b. Rhodes	0		
F. L. C. Grimshaw, b. Ringrose	0		
S. E. Gregory, c. Hunter	1		
A. J. Hopkins, b. Ringrose	8		
R. Rhodes, c. Ringrose	17		
C. Hill, b. Ringrose	17		
M. A. Noble, b. Ringrose	75		
V. A. Armstrong, b. Ringrose	44		
Ringrose	44		
J. Darling, c. Haigh	19		
A. Cottier, not out	14		
Extras	12		
Total	203	Total (4 wks)	137

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

YORKSHIRE.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W. P. Howell	0	W. P. Howell	0	W. P. Howell	0
J. J. Kelly	0	J. J. Kelly	0	J. J. Kelly	0
F. L. C. Grimshaw	0	F. L. C. Grimshaw	0	F. L. C. Grimshaw	0
S. E. Gregory	1	S. E. Gregory	1	S. E. Gregory	1
A. J. Hopkins	8	A. J. Hopkins	8	A. J. Hopkins	8
R. Rhodes	17	R. Rhodes	17	R. Rhodes	17
C. Hill	17	C. Hill	17	C. Hill	17
M. A. Noble	75	M. A. Noble	75	M. A. Noble	75
V. A. Armstrong	44	V. A. Armstrong	44	V. A. Armstrong	44
Ringrose	44	Ringrose	44	Ringrose	44
J. Darling	19	J. Darling	19	J. Darling	19
A. Cottier	14	A. Cottier	14	A. Cottier	14
Extras	12	Extras	12	Extras	12
Total	203	Total	203	Total	203

BRILLIANT VICTORY FOR SUSSEX.

Sussex easily defeated Notts at Nottingham yesterday by an innings and 215 runs. Sussex declared with the overnight total of 233 runs, Notts lost A. C. Jones and Freeman before a run was scored.

J. Gunn and Hemmings withstood the attack for a time, but the Notts batsmen were out at ten minutes to two. Killick took four wickets for 2 runs. Score—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
A. C. Jones, c. Killick	7	c. Relf, b. Cox	0
Freeman	0	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Imray, c. Butt, b. Cox	60	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Gunn (J. B.), c. Butt, b. Cox	60	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Imray, c. Butt, b. Cox	16	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Rev. H. Staunton, b. Relf	7	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Leach, b. Cox	26	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Handcraft, c. Relf, b. Cox	26	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Imray, c. Butt, b. Cox	21	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Hallam, b. Relf	0	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Wass, not out	2	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Extras	2	c. Butt, b. Relf	0
Total	199	Total	62

SUSSEX.

C. B. Fry, lbw, b. J. Gunn	23	Cox, c. Hemmings, b. J. Gunn	35
Vine, run out	29	Gunn (J. B.), c. Butt, b. Cox	42
Imray, c. Butt, b. Cox	60	K. O. Cox, c. Butt, b. Cox	42
Anthony	38	J. Gunn	42
Relf, c. Hemmings, b. Cox	61	P. Cartwright, not out	7
Leach, b. Cox	26	Extras	7
C. L. A. Smith, c. Oates	61	Extras	7
B. P. Chapman, not out	4	Total (for 8 wks)	469
Extras	2	Innings declared closed.	
Total	249	Butt did not bat.	

VIGOROUS INNINGS BY SPOT.

With no chance of the match at Bath, between Hants and Somerset, being finished, little interest remained in the day. Spot played a characteristically vigorous innings for Hants, and the game was left drawn. Score—

SOMERSETSHIRE.		First Innings.	
Hardy, b. Perce	0	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
Brand, c. Perce	48	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
H. S. Poynt, c. Llewellyn	48	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
B. Baldwin	30	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
M. J. Woods	43	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
Baldwin	33	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
C. S. Stone, b. Llewellyn	14	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
E. Poynt, b. Llewellyn	6	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
Lewis, run out	1	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
Extras	14	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14
Total	223	Robson, c. Hill, b. Llew-	14

HAMPSHIRE.

Capt. Greig, c. Evans	19	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
Woods	48	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
B. Baldwin	30	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
M. J. Woods	43	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
Baldwin	33	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
C. S. Stone, b. Llewellyn	14	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
E. Poynt, b. Llewellyn	6	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
Lewis, run out	1	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
Extras	14	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14
Total	223	W. B. Evans, c. B. and b.	14

FARICAL PLAY AT NORTHAMPTON.

Cricket at Northampton was reduced to a farce yesterday, the home team declaring their innings closed after scoring 120 for six wickets. The draw was inevitable. Score—

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.		First Innings.	
W. H. Kingston, b. Odell	29	H. Kingston, c. White-	6
Thompson, b. J. Jones	31	H. Kingston, c. White-	6
Cox, at Whitehead	6	H. Kingston, c. White-	6
E. M. Cross, c. Whitehead	6	H. Kingston, c. White-	6
Cox, not out	21	H. Kingston, c. White-	6
Extras	2	H. Kingston, c. White-	6
Total	120	H. Kingston, c. White-	6

LEICESTERSHIRE.

C. E. de Trafford, c. H.	12	King, not out	12
C. J. B. Wood, c. Viala	4	King, not out	12
Whitehead, b. Thomson	16	King, not out	12
W. F. Crawford, W. W. Odell, C. Whitehead, Gill, and Jays did not bat.		King, not out	12
Extras	4	King, not out	12
Total	34	King, not out	12

ESSEX BEAT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

Put in to get 70 runs to beat Dublin University, Essex obtained these yesterday at Dublin for the loss of one wicket. Score—Essex, 287 and 71 for one wicket; Dublin University, 97 and 239.

NO PLAY IN THESE MATCHES.

The matches at Cambridge between the "Varsity" and the Gentlemen of England; at the Oval, where Surrey and Lancashire should have met; and at Lord's, where M.C.C. were down to oppose Worcestershire, were all abandoned yesterday, not a ball having been bowled in the three days.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

Lord's—M.C.C. and Ground v. Australians.
Northampton—Northampton v. Sussex.
Cambridge—The University v. Yorkshire.
Oval—Surrey v. Gloucester.
Oxford—The University v. Notts.
Mr. J. M. Kerna's horses, at present trained by Robinson at Foxhill, will shortly join E. Martin's string at Royston.

ENGLISH HORSE WINS.

Auteuil Grand Hurdle Race Carried off by Karakoul —St. Hubert Third.

(A special article by "Grey Friars" on racing at Lingfield appears on page 6.)

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday Night.—Mr. G. A. Prentice's well-known English hunter-carrier, Karakoul, won the Grand Hurdle Race at Auteuil this afternoon, amid a storm of applause.

Two years ago Karakoul had to put up with second place and last year he followed the bad example of Mark Time and Violin when they ran out of the proper course.

There had been very heavy rain, and the course was soft. These unpleasant conditions affected the attendance, and while the bad going damped the ardour of St. Hubert's supporters it had a contrary effect on the backers of Karakoul, as that horse likes the mud.

Karakoul, admirably ridden by Mr. "Jack" Ferguson, lay up very well with the leader, Champoreau, with Mason, on St. Hubert, lying fourth for about half the journey. At no period was there much of a doubt that either of the English horses should score, but at the close of a most interesting race Karakoul captured the prize, and Champoreau beat St. Hubert in their places.

GRANDE COURSE DE HAIES D'AUTEUIL (hurdle race) for 2,000 francs, with 2,000 added, for four-year-olds and upwards; weight for age; certain winners race; second receives 10 per cent, and third 5 per cent, of the nominal amount of the stakes, and fourth 50 cwt. Three miles one furlong.

Mr. G. A. Prentice's KARAKOUL, 5 yrs, 11st. Mr. Ferguson 1. Mr. J. Prat's CHAMPOREAU, 4 yrs, 12lb., Brooks 2. Mr. J. Prat's ST. HUBERT, 4 yrs, 11st, Mason 3. Also ran: Nana Sahib, Orphan, Biarritz, Voltaire, and Chantrelle.

Betting.—7 to 4 against Karakoul, 14 to 1 Champoreau, 5 to 2 St. Hubert.—Reuter.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

LEWES.		First Innings.	
1.45.—ASHCOMBE MID-WEIGHT HANDICAP of 100 wts. One mile.			
2.15.—CASTLE PLATE of 100 wts. 5 to 2 against Pinnall, 100 to 30 Whittingham, 1 to 1 Gully, 7 to 1 each Topchamps and Baron Crampton, and 100 to 8 each others.			
3.15.—LEWES SELLING HANDICAP of 250 wts. One mile and a quarter.			
4.15.—OPEN WELTER HANDICAP of 150 wts. (given by the Southdowns Club.) One mile and a half.			

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4.30.—GRANDE HANDICAP of 150 wts; second receives 10 wts. Six furlongs, straight.
Mr. J. Waugh's WHISTLING RUFUS, 5 yrs, 11st. Jarvis 1.
Mr. C. D. Marnes's GUILTY, 5 yrs, 7st 1lb, J. Jackson 2.
Mr. E. J. Percy VAN VERT, aged, col 12lb, Beilins 3.
Also ran: Topchamps (4 yrs, 7st 2lb), Lady Stella (5 yrs, 6st 11lb), Fingiana (5 yrs, 7st 1lb), Fingiana and Chantrelle (5 yrs, 6st 7lb).

(Winner trained by owner.)
Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 2 against Pinnall, 100 to 30 Whittingham, 1 to 1 Gully, 7 to 1 each Topchamps and Baron Crampton, and 100 to 8 each others.
"Sportman" Price: 6 to 1 against Gully. Won by two lengths; a length between second and third.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

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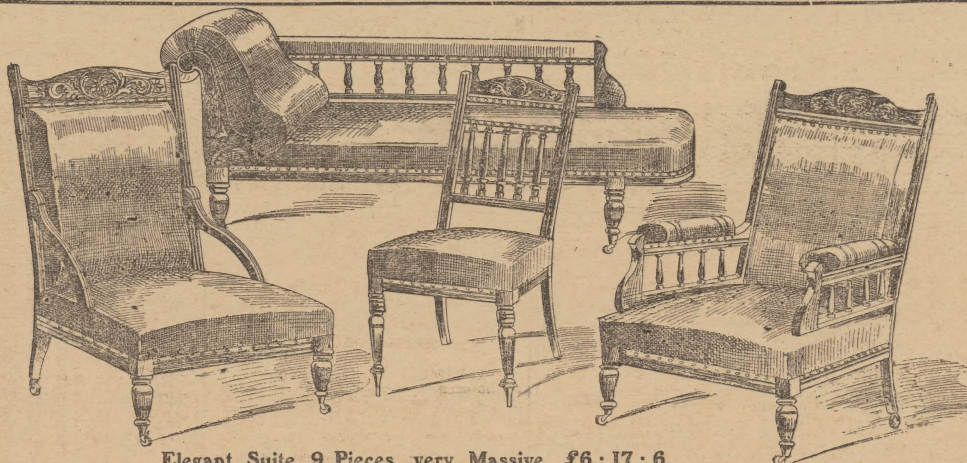
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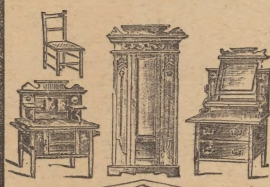
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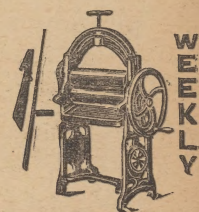
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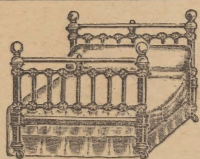
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